



To the Right Honourable and Vertuous Ladie, the
Ladie *Mary Talbot*, wife to the right Honourable, *Gilbert*,
Lord Talbot: *Robert Greene*, wisheth increase
of Honour and Vertue,

MYRON, that unskilful Painter of Greece, neuer drew any picture,
but the counterfait of Iupiter: saying, that if it were ill wrought,
his worthinesse should countenance out the meannesse of his worke, if well,
commends the perfection of his Art.

In like manner saith it with me (right Honourable) who having un-
skilfully shadowed with bad colours, the counterfait of Fortune, presume
boldly to shrowde it under your Ladships patronage, as able to defend it,
be it neuer so meane, and to countenance it, were it neuer so good. Thus
hopefull of your Ladships acceptance, I remaine,

*The vnfaired honourer, and admirer
of your Noble perfections,*

Robert Greene.

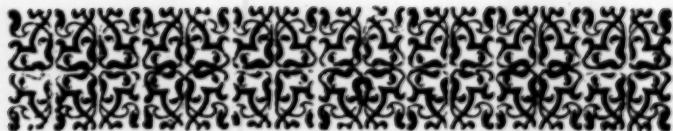
To the Gentlemen Readers, beath.

ALexander, whether wearied with *Bucephalus* pace, or desirous
of nouelties, as the nature of man delighteth in change, rode
on a time on *Hephestus* horse, for which being reprehended by one
of his Captaines, he made him this answer: Though all (quoth he)
cannot haue *Bucephalus* chaire, yet this is his horse.

So Gentlemen, if some too curious carpe at your curtesie, that
vouchsafe to take a view of this Pamphlet, I hope you wil answer:
Though it be not excellent, yet it is a Booke.

Yours for a greater curtesie,

Robert Greene.



The Contents of this History.

CHAP. I.

HOW *Arbasso* is discovered in his retired life by the traveller.

Chap. 2 *Arbasso* relateth his story and discovereth himselfe.

Chap. 3 *Arbasso* in loue with *Doralicia*. And *Myrania* with *Arbasso*, hauing opportunity to discouer the same.

Chap. 4 *Arbasso* and *Myrania* with seuerall contraries for loue, reuert their complaints.

Chap. 5 *Arbasso* is traiterously surpris'd by *Pelorus*, and imprisoned in *Orleanse*, with all his army defeated.

Chap. 6 *Myrania* in loue with *Arbasso*, contriueeth his deliuey out of prison by a secret policy.

Chap. 7 *Arbasso* strangely transported with *Doraliciaes* loue, forgetteth *Myranias* kindnes, and sendeth couertly to *L valigia*, who againe deliuereth him.

Chap. 8 After *Myranias* death, *Doralicia* relenteth, and sendeth to *Arbasso*, who then hated her as much as hee loued her before.

Chap. 9. *Doralicia* hauing receiued *Arbastoes* vnkind answer, dieth of a frenzy: and *Arbasso*, banished his kingdome.

The



THE HISTORIE

of *Arbaslo*, with the Anatomy
of *Fortune*.

CHAP. I.

Arbaslo is discovered in his retired life by the Traueller:



After an vnfortunat iourney and severall infortunat tempests, besides the vnskillfulnesse of our Pilate, I happily arrived at the Citie of Sydon, where being set on shore, I straight with my companions went to offer incense to the goddess of Prosperity, which the Citizens call *Araste*. Whither being come, my devotion done, and my oblations presented, desired to take a view of the ancient Monuments of the Temple, I passed through many places, where most sumptuous sepulchers were erected: which having scene, as I thought to have gone to my lodging, I spied a Cell, having the doore open: whereinto as I entered, I saw an Archdeacon sitting (as I supposed) at his Orizons, for so was the Priest of the goddess termed, who being clothed in white Battin Robes, and crowned with a Diadem of perfect gold, leaned his head upon his right hand, pouring forth streames of teares, as outward signes of some inward passions, & held in his left hand the counterseit of *Fortune*, which with one sole trade upon a *Polype* stick, and with the other on a *Camelion*, as assured becommeth her mutabilitie. Whiuen into a dumpe with the sight of this strange denis, as I long gazed at the vnacquainted gesture of this *lius Flamin*. willing to know both the cause of his care, & what the picture of fortune did import, I was so bold to wake him out of his passion, with this parle.

Father (quoth I) if my presumption bee great in preasing so rashly into so secret and sacred a place that I hope, weighing my will, you will somewhat excuse my boldnes. for I have not pre-

The History of *Arbaslo*,

med as thinking to giue any iust occasion of offence, but as a stranger, desirous to see the monuments of this ancient Temple, which as I narrowly viewed, happening by chance into this your Cell, and seeing your old age perplexed with strange passions, stat- ed as one willing to learn what disaster hath bzinen you into these dumps, which if I without offence may request, and you with- out priuolce grant, I shall find my selfe by duty bound to requite your undeserued curtesie.

After I had uttered these wordes, staying a good space to heare what the olde man would answer, seeing hee did not so much as benchsafe to giue an eare to my parle, or an eye to my person, but still gazed on the picture of Fortune. I saw a present *Apetawoz*, phosis of his actions: soz from teares hee fell to triking, from lotoxing to laughing, from mourning to mirth, yet neuer casting his eyes from Fortunes counterseit, till at last after hee had long smiled (as I thought) at the picture, hee as in despise cast it from him, and taking his Lute, played a dumpe, whereto he warbled out these wordes:

WHereat erewhile I wept, I laugh,
That which I feard, I now despise
My victor once, my vassaile is,
My foe constrained, my weale supplies.
Thus doe I triumph on my foe,
I weepe at weale, I laugh at woe.

My care is cur'd, yet hath no end,
Not that I want, but that I haue
My charge was change, yet still I end,
I would haue lesse, if you me haue
Aye me poore wretch that thus doe liue,
Constrained to take, y wish'd to giue.

Shee whose delights are signes of death,
Who when shee smiles, begins to lowre
Constant in this, that still shee change,
Her sweetest gifts time proues but sowre
I liue in care, frost with her guile,
Through her I weepe, at her I smile.

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

The graue Priest hauing with sighes sobbed out this secrete full ditty, I was diuinen into a maze what the contrary contents of these verses should meane, vntill at last casting his eye aside, and seeing me stand so solemnely, he burst forth into these cholerike termes.

Friend, quoth he (if I may so terme thee) thou hast either not heard much, or learned very little, either thy curtesie is small, or thy conditions too currish, that seekest to come to counsell before thou be called. If the secrecy of my Cell, or the reuerence of my age, or thy small acquaintance with me, were not sufficient to hold thee from pressing to nigh: yet seeing me thus perplexed, thou mightest (for modesty sake) haue left me to my secret and sorrowful passions. If it be the custom of thy Country to be so discourteous, I like not the fruit of such a soyle: If thy owne folly to be thus rash, I craue not to be acquainted with such a bold guest: but whether it be or no, as thou comest in without my leave, I wish thee to goe out by iust command.

He had no sooner uttered these wordes, but hee was ready to take by the picture, if I had not hindered him with this reply.

Sir where the offence is confessed, there the fault is halfe pardoned, and those faults that are committed by ignorance, alwayes claime remission by course: I grant that I haue bene much too rash, but I repent, and therefore hope you will take the lesse offence, and the sooner excuse my folly: faults committed by will, gaine oft times but a change, then mine done by ignorance, shall I hope escape without a mate. Penalties are enioyned by the intent more then by the worke, and things done amisse (saith Tully) euer ought to be measured by the passion, rather by the more action. Which considered, if my presence hath bene so inuoluntarie to your repose, I hope you will thinke I offend not as a stranger, and will pardon me, as one sorry for so rash an entrance.

The old man very attentively hearing my talks, hauing somewhat digested his choler, rising up from his seat, made mee this friendly answer.

Friend (quoth he) It is not gold that glisters, the smoothest talks hath oft times the smallest truth, the soundest when it glisters most bright, breedeth the greatest shadow. The Painter calleth the fairest colour over the foulest body, and strangers flatterings are oft times but masked decreits: yet whether thy talks be truth or tales, whether thou comest to note my passions as a spy, or hast by chance hit into my Cell as a stranger, I care not: for if thou enuy me as a foe, I

scare

The History of *Arbasse*,

seems not the spite of Fortune: if thou muse at my sudden motions,
it shall little anaple thee to heare it, and be a great griefe for me to re-
hearse it.

Arbasse (quoth *I*) if my credit might be such as without desert to ob-
taine so much fauour, or if the prayer of a poore stranger might pre-
uaile so perswade you to vnfold the cause of these your sudden passi-
ons, *I* should thinke my former travels countermailed with this your
friendly carterke.

It is good indeed (quoth he) by other mens harmes to learne to be-
ware: Phœbus had neuer bene so waied of Vulcane, if Mars his mis-
hap had not bid him take heed: Vlysses had not so wisely eschewed
Circes charmes, if he had not seeme before his fellows transformed, &
perhaps the hearing of my former cares may free thee from ensuing
calamity.

I haue bene my selfe a Prince, which am now subiect unto power:
late a mighty Potentate, & now constrained to lye vnder a feeble
law: not contented ere while with a kingly Palace, now sufficiently
satisfied with a poore Cell, and yet this present want exceeds my wor-
st tooke. *I* then had too much in penury, and now *I* lacke in super-
fluitie, being cloyed with abundance, yet hauing nothing, in that my
minde remaineth vnsatisfied. Fortune, yea Fortune in fauouring
me, hath made me most infortunate. Wyppen-like hiding vnder muske
miseric, vnder pleasure paine, vnder mirth mourning, like the surced
Ponicombe, which while a man toucheth hee is stung with bees:
shee presenteth faire shapcs, which proue but fading shadowes. she
proferreth mountaines, and perhaps keepeth promises, but the gaires
of these golden spines is losse & misery. None roge on Seianus horse,
which got not mishap, none toucht the gold of Pholoss, whom some
disaster did not assaile: neither hath any bene assaured by fortune,
which in time hath not bene crossed with some haplesse calamitie. *I*
speake this by experience, which *I* pray the Gods thou neuer try by
proue: for he onely is to be thought happy, whom the inconstant fa-
uour of Fortune hath not made vnhappy. The Picture which thou
seest herre, is the perfect counterfite of her inconstant conditions,
for she like to the Volpye Fish, swimeth her self into every obiect, and
with the Carnation taketh her whole delight in change, being sure in
nothing but in this, that she is not sure at all. Which inconquancy af-
ter *I* had known by too much proue, *I* began to arme myselfe against
her guiles, and to count her fauouring flattery, and her promises of no-
things, not to accept her as a friend, but to despise her as a foe, and in
despite

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

despight of her sained deity, to oppose my selfe against her sickle power, which I haue found the greatest shield to shroude me from her secret iniuries. I haue left my Palace, and taken me a simple Cell, in the one I found often displeasure, but in the other neuer but contentation. From a Prince of the earth, I am become a Priest to the Gods, seeking onely by this obscure life to please my selfe, and displease Fortune: whose picture when I see, I weep, that I was so fond, as to be subiect to such a seruile Dame, and I laugh, that at last I triumph both ouer mine own affections, & ouer Fortune. Thus friend, since thou hast heard the cause of my care, cease off to enquire farther in the case, passe from my Cell, and leaue me to my passions, for to procure my griefe, and not my gaine, were to offer me double losse. After he had uttered these words, perceiuing by his parle that he was a Prince, I began with moze reuerence to excuse my rashnesse, framing my talke to this effect.

I am sorry (quoth I) if sorrow might be a mends for that which is amisse, that my hasty folly hath offended your highnesse: and that my poore presence hath bene preiudiciall to your princely passions, but since the fault once committed may bee repented, but not recalled, I hope your highnesse will pardon my unwitting wilfulness, and take, Had I wist, for an excuse of so sudden an offence, which granted, the desire I haue to heare of your strange hay, both make me, pake manners, in being importunate with your spauie, to heare the tragickall chance of this your strange change.

Well (quoth he) since thy desire is such, and time allowes me convenient leisure, sit downe, and thou shalt heare what trust there is to be giuen in inconstant Fortune.

CHAP. 2.

Archiebald relateth his story and discouereth himselfe.

Vntill I waite weary of my diademe, I was king of the famous Countrey of Denmarke, wherin, after Bosphorus deceased, (for so was my father called) I reigned in happy prosperity, comming to the Crowne at the age of one and thientie yeeres, being so honoured of my subiects for my vertue, and so loved for my curtesie, as I did not onely gaine the heartes of them, but also won the good will of Strangers. I could not complain of lacke, in that my greatest want was none: I feared not the forces of man in force, for I knew none but were my faithfull friends, I doubted no misfortune, for I could see no way for mee to mishap: nay, if I had been wist, I might the more haue

The History of *Arbasso*,

daunted misery, in that I was so fully pampered by with felicity. But I more watch was not daunted with any dread, because I saw no present danger: I thought the sea being calme, there could come no tempest: that from the cleere ayre could ensue no storme, that quiet ease was not the mother of dissention, and that where Fortune once tuned, in the strings could neuer be found any discord.

But O fond and infortunate Arbasso (so I may be called:) thou now hast tried, though by haplesse experience, that when Nilus Allecth by his boundes, ensueth a dearth: when the Angelica is laden with most good, then he dieth: when musick was heard in the capitol, then the Romans were plagued with pestilence: when Circes proffered most gifts, shee presented most guile, and when Fortune hath depriued thee of most care, then she meanes to vtolue thee in the greatest calamitie. For as thus I safely floated in the seas of securitis, and bathed in the freames of blisse, Fortune, thinking at length to giue me the mate, began thus to profer the checke. I had but one onely brother called T. baldo, whom soyled by nature, I most intirely loued and liked, who sojourned in fraunce, as one desirous to see the manners of strange Countreies, and to furnish himselfe with all qualities fit for a worthy Gentleman. But on a sudden I happily receiued newes, that he was cowardly without cause slaine in the Court, which so appaled me, as nature most cruelly exclaimed against fortune, in so much, that contrary to the counsell of my Nobles, with a resolute minde, I determined to inuade France, and either to bring the whole Realme to ruine, in reuenge, or else to hazard life & limme in the batell: well, no perswasion being able to diue me from this soyled determination, I caused my ships to be rigged, and with as much speed as might be, sailed into France with a great flauie, where I had no sooner landed my souldiers, but as a proffered foe, craning no other recompence for my brothers death but their destruction. I burnt their borders, fired their forts, rased their Citones and towres to the earth, viling no murther but this, that hauing depriued them of their possessions, I also be-reaued them of their lines. Pelorus hearing with what violence I had inuaded his land (so the French king was called) fearing that he was not able to withstand my force, seeing that Fortune so fauoured my enterprize, passed speedily with his whole host vnto Orleance, whither I hasted being not greatly resisted, laying valiantly a strong siege to the Citie, which when I had diuers times assailed, and so shaken the walles with Cannon shot, that they were forced to strengthen them with new countermines, Pelorus halfe daunted with my

desperate attempts, counted secretly to conclude a peace: to colour
 therefore this his intent with a false shadow, he speedily dispatched an
 Herald, to intreat a truce for thre moneths, which being unhappily
 granted, and therefore unhappily because granted, it was lawful for
 them of Denmarke peaceably to passe into the Citie, and for them of
 Orleance quietly to come into our Campe. While thus the truce con-
 tinued, I being desirous to take a view of the French Court, accom-
 panied with my Nobles, went to Pelorus, who willing to shew his
 martiall courage by bling courtesie to his foe, gave me very sumptuous
 and courteous entertainement. But alas such mischiefe ensued of this
 my fond desire, that death had bene thrice more welcome then such
 distresse. For Pelorus had onely two daughters, the eldest called My-
 rania, the youngest named Doralicia, so faire and well featured, as
 Venus would haue bene isalous if Adonis had liued to see their beau-
 ties. But especially lonely Doralicia, and therefore more lonely,
 because I so intirely loued her: For she was so beautified with the
 gifts of nature, and adorned with more then earthly perfection, as
 she seemed to be framed by nature to blemish nature, and that beauty
 had shipt beyond her skill, in framing a peece of such curious work-
 manship, so that which in her (respecting her other perfections) was
 of no price, would bee counted in others a pearle, her greatest want
 would in others be thought a Roze, so that if any thing lacked in her,
 it was not to be sought for in any earthly creature. This Doralicia
 being appointed by vniuersall Fortune to bee the instrument of my fall,
 accompanied with her sister Myrania and other Ladies, came into the
 Chamber where her father and I was at parle, whose gorgeous pre-
 sence so appaled by senses, that I stood astonished, as if with Perseus
 shield I had bene made a senselesse picture. For as the Doxmouse
 cannot shut her eyes as long as he lyeth in the beames of the Sunne,
 as the Woe cannot close them dwayning where the Hearbe spee-
 ly groweth, so could not I but stare on the face of Doralicia, as
 long as her beautie was such an heavenly object. Where narrowly
 marking my gazing looks, straight perceived that I was galled, and
 therefore to shew how lightly she accounted of my liking, passed out
 of the Chamber with a coy and Courtly countenance, but Myrania
 as one perceiving and pittying my passions, fermed with her looks to
 say in heart, Arbasto, farewell.

These two Goddesses being gone, leaving my mind somewhat per-
 plexed, I took my leave of Pelorus, and departed. Comming home
 to my Tent, fraught with a thousand toyish fancies, I beganne to

The History of *Arbasfo*,

conjecture what should bee the cause of these contrary motions, the effect I felt, the occasion I could not finde, applying theretoze a contrary salve to my soze, it did rather increase, than cure the maladie, for company was a co:raile, not a comfort: and to be solitary, the sinke of all sorrow: so then strange thoughts, vnaquainted passions, pinching fancies, waking visions, & numbing watchings, disquieted my head. We thought I saw the countersait of Doralicia before mine eyes, then the harmony of her speech sounded in mine eares: her looks, her gestures, yea, all her actions were particularly deciphered by a secret imagination. I was thus in a labyrinth of endless fancies, when reason could not suppress will, nor wisdom controule affection: I cast my cards, and found by manifest proofe, that the lunaticke fit which so distempered my brains, was that frantick passion which soles & Poets call loue, which knowes, blaming my selfe of cowardise, & beauty shold make me bend, I fel at last into these terms,

Why *Arbasfo*, art thou so squemish that thou canst not see willine, but thou must surfet: canst thou not draw nge the fire and warme thee: but thou must with *Saryus* kisse it and burne thee: art thou so little master of thy affections, that if thou gaze on a picture, thou must with *Pigmalion* be passionate: canst thou not passe through *Paphos*, but thou must offer incense to *Venus*? dost thou thinke it in iurie to *Cupid* to loke, if thou dost not loue: Ah fond foole, knowe this, fire is to be used, but not to be handled: the *Barren flour* is to be twome in the hand, not chawed in the mouth: the precious *Stone* *Opites* to bee applied outwardly, and not to bee taken inwardly: and beantie is made to feed the eye, not to fetter the heart, wilt thou then swallow vp the bait which thou knowest to be hane: wilt thou hazard at that which cannot bee had without harme, no, wretch not too farre, were not too deepe, vse beantie, but serue it not, shake the tree, but taste not of the fruits, lest thou finde it too hard to bee digested. Why: but beantie is a God, and will be obeyed, loue lo: keth to command, not to be conquered: Ioue strone but once with *Venus*, and she was vanquished: *Lustier* *scandall* *Cupid*, but he went by the world: it is hard for thee to fight the *Crabbe* to swimme against the streame, or with the *Salmon* to strine against the fire, so; in wrestling with a fresh wound, thou shalt but make the soze more dangerous. Yea but what fondness is this *Arbasfo* to seeth thy selfe in thy folly: Thou dost come a Captaine, and wilt thou returne a supine: thy intent was to conquer, not to bee vanquished, to fight with the *Ramce*, not to be sold with loue, to vse thy speare, not thy pen,

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

pen, to challenge Mars, not to dally with Venus. How dost thou thinke to subdue France, which canst not rule thine owne affections? Art thou able to quail a kingdome, which canst not quell thine owne mind? no, it will be hard for thee to go in triumph, which art not so much as Lord of thy selfe. But Arballo, if thou wilt needs loue, vse it as a top to passe away the time, which thou mayest take by at thy lust, and lay downe at thine owne pleasure. Loe: I see Arballo, dost thou become, whom shouldst thou loue? Doralicia? What thy foe: one that wisheth thy mishap, and partly prayeth to the Gods, for thy misfortune: no sure thou art not so fond.

And with that, as I uttered these wordes, such thoughts, such sighes, such sobes, such teares assailed me, as I was stricken dumbe with the extremitie of these belish passions, scarce being able to draw my breath for a good space, till at last recovering my senses, I fell to my former sorrow in this sort.

Yes alas Arballo, it is the lucklesse loue of Doralicia, and therefore the moze lucklesse because thou lovest Doralicia, that hath thus inchaunted thy affections. She is not thy friend whom thou mayest hope to get, but thy foe, whom thou art sure not to gaine: for dost thou thinke shee will requite thy merit with mard, or repay thy loue with liking? no, she hateth thee Arballo, as Iwoyne Pelorus foe, and her enemy. Can shee loue thee which seeketh her fathers life: nay, did she loue, yet could she thinke thou dost like, which layest siege to her Citie: no, vnlesse by loue she were blinded with too much loue. With thee to fancy thy foe, is with the Cockatrice to peck against the scle, subdue thy affections, be master of thy mind, vse Will as thy subiect, not as thy soueraigne, so mayest thou triumph and laugh at Cupid, saying: *Forsooth I was in loue, what then.*

I had no sooner sealed up these secret meditations with a sorrowfull sigh, but least being solitary I should fall into farther dumps, I went out of my Tent to passe away the time with some pleasant pastime, thinking this the fittest meanes to drive away idle fancies, hoping that hot loue would grow cold, that the greatest bauble was but a blaze, & that lowmest violence in me was euer least permanent.

CHAP. 3.

Arballo in loue with Doralicia, and Myrania with Arballo, haue haue opportunitie to discover the same.

BUT if you would see, you must vnderstand how Love and Fortune can play false when they list. I was not so doted in desires towards Doralicia, as poore Myrania burneth with affection for

The History of *Arbasso*,

words me. For Venus willing to shew she was a woman, by her willfull contrarieties, so fiered her fancies with the forme of my feature, as the poore Lady was perplexed with a thousand sundry passions, one while she sought with hate to rase out lone, but that was with the Diere so sed against the winde: anotherwhile she deuised which way to obtaine her desire: but then alas she heaped coales vpon her head, so she saw no sparke of hope to procure so good hap. Diuen thus into sundry dumpes, she fell at last into these termes.

Alas Myrania (quoth she) happy, yea, thrice happy are those maides which are boyme in the Ile Meroc, which in their virginitie are suffered to see none but him whom they shall marry, and being wiues are forbidden by the law to see any man but their husband, untill they be past fiftie. In this countr Myrania, beantie is vied as a naturall gift, not honoured as a supernaturall God, and they lone onely one, because lone cannot force them to like any other: so that they sowe their lone in toy, and reape it in pleasure. Would God thou hadst beene boyme in this soyle, or brought vp in the same sort, so shouldst thou haue triumphed ouer beantie as a slave, which now leadeth thee as a seruile captiue.

Oh infortunate Myrania, hast thou so little force to withstand fancy, as at the first alarm thou must yeld to affection? canst thou not loke with Salmacis, but thou must lone? canst thou not see with Smylax, but thou must sigh? canst thou not vield Narcissus with Echo, but thou must be vowed to his beantie? Learne, learne fond sole by others mishaps to be ware: so she that loneth in hast. oft times, nay, alwaies repenteth at leisure. The Hippians anointing themselves with the fat of the fish Mugra, passe thozow most furious flames without any peril: the people called Psilii, as long as they sacrifice vnto Vesta, can be hurt with no venomous Serpents. Telephus as hee wore the counterfait of Pallas shield, was invulnerable, & thou as long as thy mind is fraught with the chaste thoght of Diana, canst neuer be fired with the haples flame of Venus: arme thy selfe with reason, and thou maist passe thozow Cytheria without danger, let thy will and wit be directed with aduised counsell, & thou maist say: Cupid, I desie thee.

Ah Myrania, things are some promised, but not so quickly persequed: it is easie to sound the victorie, but passing hard to obtain the conquest: all can say, I would overcome; but few or none returne with triumph. Beantie is therfore to be obeyed, because it is beanty, and lone to be feared of men, because honored of the Gods. Were reason vbiue the byunt, when beantie bids the battell? can wise dome win
the

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

the field, when loue is Captaine: No, no, loue is without law, and therefore aboue all law, honoured in heauen, feared in earth, and a very terror to the infernall Ghostes.

Now then vnto that Myrania, whereunto lawlesse necessity doth bend, be not so fond, as with Xerxes to bind the Ocean sea in fetters: fight not with the Rascians against the winde: strike not with them of Scyrus, to smite against the stars: contend not with Niobe against Latona, nor strue not with Sapho against Venus, for loue being a Lord looks to command by power, and to be obeyed by force.

Truth Myrania, but what then, to loue is easie, and perhaps good, but to like well is hard and a doubtfull chance: fancy thy fill (fond foole) so thou bend not thy affection to thy fathers foe: for to loue him who strikes his 'lse, is to war against nature & Fortune. Is there none worthy to bee thy sphere but Arbasto, the cursed enemy of thy country: can none win thy god will, but the bloudy wretch, who seeketh to bryde thy Fathers bane? Can the Eagle & the bird Osiphage build in one tree: will the Faulke & the Dove, conent to sit on one perch: will the Ape & the Beare be tied in one tedder: will the Fox & the lamb lye in one den: no, they want reason, & yet nature suffers them not to lye against nature: wilt thou then be so wilful or witlesse, as hauing reason to guide nature, yet to be more vnnatural then vnreasonable creatures: be sure if thou fall in this, thou striuest against the Gods, and in striming with them, looke for a most sharpe reuenge.

Wilt I know this, but hath not loue set doونه his sentence, & shal I appeale from his censure: shal I deny that which the destinies haue decreed: no, for though Cydippa rebelled for a time, yet she was faine at last to make suit to Venus for a pardon, & I may strike to hate Arbasto, but neuer find where to begin to dislike him. And with that, such fierie passions assailed her, as she was faine to send forth scalding sighs, sometimes to ease her enflamed fancy, which being so rowfully sobbed forth. She then began afresh to poure forth her pittifull complaints, if her sister Doralicia, being accompanied with other gentlewomen, had not by ~~in~~ ^{her} ~~not~~ of these dumps, whom she no sooner spied, but leauing her passions she wared pleasant, couering care with conceits, and a mourning heart with a merry countenance, least her sorrowfull looks, might giue the company occasion to coniecture some what was amiss. But alas, which felt the furious flames of fancie to boyle incessantly within my breast, could not so cunningly dissemble my passions, but all my fears late I was perplexed; for whereas before this sudden chaunce, Pelorus misfortune

The History of *Arbasso*,

procured my mirth, now the soile which I reaped by affection haue me to a deeper misery. In the day I spent the time in solitary dumps, in the night afflicted thoughts and visions suffered me scarce to slumber: for alas there is no greater enemy to the minde, than in loue to liue without hope, which doubt was the sum of my endlesse sorrow, that in seeing my selfe fettered, I could see no hope at all of my freedom: yet to mitigate my misery, I thought to walke from the Campe toward the Citie, that I might at the least see my eye with the sight of the place wherein the Mistresse of my heart was harboured, taking with me onely for company a Duke of my Countrey called Egerio, vnto whom I durst best commit my secret affaires, who noting my vnaccustomed passions, coniecturing the cause of my care by the outward effects, conuening carefully to apply a salve to my sores, and to diuine me from such dolorous thoughts, awakened me from my dumps with this pleasant denice.

Sir (quoth hee) I haue often marvelled, and yet cannot cease to muse at the madnesse of those men, whom the common people thinke to honor with the glorious title of louers, who when rashly they purchase their owne mishap in placing their affection, where either their disability, or the destinies deny successe to their suites, do either passe their daies in endlesse dolor, or present miserie by vntimely death. If these passionate patients listned a little to Venus alluements, as I to Cupids flatteries, few men should haue cause to call the Gods vniust, or women cruell, for I thinke of Ioue as Mylciades the Athenian did, who was wont to say, that of all the plagues wherewith the gods did afflict mortall men, Ioue was the greatest, in that they sought that as an heauenly blisse, which at last they found their fatall bane.

Hearing Egerio thus cunningly and cunningly to touch mee at the quicke, I thought to dally with him in this wise.

Why Egerio, dost thou count it a madnesse to loue, or dost thou thinke him rash which yeeldeth willingly to it, knowest thou not that Ioue is diuine, and therefore commandeth by power, and cannot be resisted? I am not of that mind with Mylciades, that Ioue is a plague, but rather I thinke he is fauoured of the gods and is a happy lover.

Truth (quoth hee) but who is happy in Ioue? he that hath the happie successe? no, for I count him most unhappy which in Ioue is most happy.

Why then Egerio (quoth I) thou thinkest him unhappy that he loneth.

Or else may it please your highnesse (quoth he) I should thinke a misse:

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

9

misde: for shall I count him fortunate which for one day of prosperity, reapeith a whole pound of misery: or shall I estimate that lower happy, whose greatest gains is but golden griefe: nay that is neuer to be called pleasure, which is sauced with paine, nor that good lucke whose gnerdeon is losse.

With Egerio (quoth I) thou doest thus braadly blaspheme against Cupid, tell me why thou thinkest ill of Ioue.

Because sir (quoth hee) it is Ioue, being such a frenzy which so infateth the mindes of men, as vnder the taste of Nectar, they are poysoned with the water of Scir, for as hee which was charmed by Lara, sought still to heare her incantment, or as the Wre after once hee brouseth on the Tamariske tree, will not be diuened away till hee dyeth: so our amorous louers haue their senselesse senses so besotted with the power of this lasciuious God, that they count not themselves happy, but in their supposed unhappinesse, being at most ease in disquiet, at greatest rest when they are most troubled, saking contentation in care, delight in misery, and hunting graevely after that, which alwayes bringeth endlesse harme.

This is but your sentence Egerio (quoth I) but what reason haue you to confirme your censure:

Such (quoth he) as your highnesse can neither dislike nor infringe: for the first step to loue is the losse of libertie, tying the minde to the will of her, who either too curious, little respecteth his sute, or too coy, smally regardeth his seruice, yet hee is so blinded with a baile of fond affection, that hee counteth her fullennesse sobernesse, her haire charmes, vertuous chastitie: if she be wanton, hee counteth her witlike, if too familiar, courteous: so besotted with the drugs of dotting Ioue, that every fault is vertue, and though euery string be out of tune, yet the musick cannot be found amisse: resembling Tamarus the Painter, who shadowed the two pictures with the freshest colours.

The paines that louers feele for hunting after losse, if their mindes were not charmed with some secret incantment, were able either to heepe their mirrours from being inflamed, or else to cold desire being alwaies kindled: for the dayes are spent in thoughts the nights in dreames, both in danger, either beguiling vs of that wee had, or promising vs that we haue not. The head fraught with fancies, steepe with yeale, troubled with both: yea so many inconueniencies waite vpon Ioue, as to reckon them all were infinite, & to taste but one of them intolerable, being alwayes begun with griefe, continuing with sorrow, and ended with death: for it is a paine shadowed with

The History of *Arbaste*,

both pleasure, and to suffer with misery: so that I conclude, that as none ever saw the Altars of Basyris without sorrow, nor banqueted with Pholus without surfeiting: so as impossible it is to deale with Cupid, and not incurre either speedy death, or endless danger.

As I was ready to reply to Egerios reasons, drawing to a small thicket of trees, which was hard adjoining to the City, I spied where some of the French Dames were friendly sitting about a clere fountain, of whom after I had taken a narrow view, easily perceined they were three Ladies (accompanied with one Page) namely Myrania, Dorahelia, and their Nurse called Madame Vecchia, which sudden sight so appalled my senses, as if I had beene appointed a new Judge to the three goddesses in the valley of Ida: yet seeing before my eyes the mistress of my thoughts, and the Saint unto whom I devote my devotion, I began to take courage, thinking that by this fit opportunity, Love and Fortune would favour my enterprise, willing therefore not to let slip so good an occasion, I boldly paced to them, whom I saluted in this sort.

Faire Ladies, the sight of your surpassing beauties so dayled mine eyes, as at the first I was in doubt, whether I should honour you as heavenly Nymphes, or salute you as earthly creatures: but as I was in this dumpe, I readily called to minde the figure of your divine faces, which being at my coming to your fathers Courge by some secret influence most surely imprinted in my fancy, I have hitherto, without any sparke of forgetfulness perfectly retained (sitting ever since in my hart such strange passions) an unaccustomed devotion to your beautie and vertues, as I would thank the Gods and Fortune did favour mee, if either I might find occasion to manifest my affection, or live to doe you service.

Dorahelia hearing mee thus strangely to salute her, although she saw her selfe in the hands of her father, yet nothing dismayed, with a coy countenance, she gave me this ambitious answer.

Sir (quoth she) if at the first I looked on you for Nymphes, by the perfection of our divine beautie, it came into my mind, that either your women in Denmark are very scarce, or your lightness is the least since your coming into France: so we know our imperfections far unworthy of such dissembled praise. But Diomedes failed most when he pretended greatest mischief: Scyron entertained his guests best, when he meant to intreat them worst: Lycaon feasted Iapetus when he sought to betray him: the Hiena ever sauneth at her prey: the Syrens sing when they meane to enchant: Circes is most pl

when

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

10

when she presenteth poison: and so you, in praising our beautie like to spoile our blond: in extolling our perfection, to make vs most imperfect, in wishing openly our weale, secretly to worke our death and destruction. For your seruice you offer vs, wee so much the more mislike it, for his sake that makes the proffer: for we are not so inuicigled with love, or so senselesse to conceine, but that we thinke he little fauoureth the Rens, that cutteth downe the old stock, he smally respecteth the twig, that tendereth not the root, & he lightly loueth the child, that deadly hateth the father, Polixena counted Achilles a flatterer, because he continued the siege against Troy, & Cressid forsooke Troy, because he warred against the Grecians, nor can wee count him our prync friend, which is our open foe.

Why Madame (quoth I) did not Tarpeia fauour Tatinus though a foe vnto Rome? did not Scylla respect Mynos though he besieged Nisus?

Truth Sir (quoth Myrania) but the gaires they got was perpetual shame and endlesse discredit, for the one was slaine by the Sabynes, the other reled by Mynos. The yong faunes cannot abide to looke on the Tyger: the Halciones are no sooner hatched but they hate the Eagle. Andromache would neuer trust the faire speeches of Pyrrhus, nor Dydo laugh when she saw Hiarbas smile: where the partie is knowne to be a professer for, there suspicions hate enueth of course: and fond were that person that would thinke well of him, that proferreth poison though in a golden pot.

Madame (quoth I) I know it is hard where mistrust is harboured to infer beliffe, or to procure credit where his truth is called in question: but I wish no better successe to happen to my selfe, than in hart I doe imagine to you all, swearing by the gods that I do honoꝝ your beauties and vertues so much, that if I had wonne the conquest, and you were my captiues, yet would I honour you as my soueraignes, and obey you as a louing subject.

But I pray God, quoth Madams Vecchia, you haue neuer occasion to shew vs such fauour, nor we cause to stand to your cortesse: for I doubt we should have your glowing heat turned to a chilling cold, and your great promises to small performance.

In the mean time (and with that she tooke Myrania and Doralicia by the hands) wee will leaue you to returne to the Campe, and wee will returne to the Citie, willing to giue you thanks for your good will, when we find you a friend and not a foe.

May Madame (quoth I) not so, for contrarie of my meaning hold you please, or accept of my company hold you list, I will not bee so

The History of *Arbasso*,

discourteous to leave you so slenderly guided, as in the guard of this little Page. And with that taking Doralicia by the hand, willing not to let slip so good opportunity, I began to Court her in this manner.

The chiefe is hard Spadame, where the party is compelled either by Silence to die with griefe, or by unfolding his minde, to live with shame, yet so swete is the desire of life, and so bitter the passions of love, that I am enforced to preferre an unseemely suite, before an untimely death. Both I am to speak, and in dispaire I am to speed: For considering what love is, I faint, and thinking how I am counted a foe, I feare. But sigh where love commandeth, there it is folly to resist, so it is Spadame, that intending to be victor, I become a vassall, comming to conquer, I am caught a captivus, seeking to bring other into thralldom, I have lost mine owne libertie. Your heavenly beauty hath brought me into bondage, your exquisite perfection hath snared my freedom, your vertuous qualities have subdued my minde, and onely your crueltie may free me from care, or your crueltie crosse me with calamitie. To recount the sorowes I have sustained since I first was inuigled with thy beauty, or the service I have vowed vnto thy vertue, since thou dost count by talke, though neuer so true, but meere toys, were rather to breed in thee an admiration then a beleefe. But this I added for the time, which the end shall try for a truth, that so faithfull is my affection, and so longall is my love, that if thou take not pittie of my passions, either my life shall be too short, or my misery too long.

Doralicia hearing attentively my talke, oft times changed her colour, as one in great choller, being so inflamed with a melancholike kinde of hate, as shee was not of a long time able to utter one word, yet at last with a face full of fury, shee burst forth with these despightfull termes.

Why Arbasso (quoth shee) art thou of late become franticke, or dost thou thinke me in a frenzy: hast thou beene bitten with the serpent Amphisbena which procureth maenes, or dost thou suppose me fraught with some lunaticke fits, for thy speech maketh me thinke, either thou art troubled with the one, or that thou counts me compassed with the other: if this thy poisoned parle were in test, it was too soad, weying the safe; if in earnest, too bad considering the person: for to talke of peace amidst the pikes, sheweth either a coward, or a counterfait: e to sue for love by hate, either frenzy or folly. It is a mad Ware (Arbasso) that will be caught with a Taber, a greedy fit that

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

11

that commeth to a bare hoke, a blind Owle that runneth to the Foxes sermon, and she a louting foale that stoopeth to her enemies lure. No, no, thinke mee not so fond, or at least hope not to find me so foolish, as with Phryne to fance Cecrops, with Harpalice to like Archemerus, with Scilla to love Mynos, with carelesse opinions so farre to forget my honoꝝ, my honesty, my parents, and my Country, as to love, may not deadly to hate him which is a foe to the least of these: so experience teacheth me, that the fairer the stone is in the Loades head, the moze pestilent is the payson in her bowels, the brighter the Serpents scales be, the moze infectious is her breath, and the talker of an enemy, the moze it is seasoned with delight, the moze it sauereth of despight, cease then to strike sozious, where thou shalt finde nothing but hate, so assure thy selfe, if thou wilt fancy as faithfully, as thou dost flatter falsely, yet the gwarden for thy loue should bee onely this, that I will pray incessantly to the Gods, in thy life to pester thee with earthly toyments, and after death to plague thee with hellish tortures.

Although these bitter blases of Doralicia, had bene a sufficient cooling carde to quench some affection, yet as the water causeth the stracole to burne moze freshly, so her despightfull termes farre moze inflamed my hokke, that I made her this friendly reply.

Alas (Squame) weigh my case with equitie: if you hate me, as I am foe to Pelerus, yet fauour me as I am friend to Doralicia. If you loath mee as a conquerour of your country, yet pittie mee as I am a captiue to your beaultie. If you vouchsafe not to listen to the lure of your enemy, yet heare the passionate complaints of a perplexed louer, who leading others in triumph, yet himselfe liueth in most haplesse seruitude.

If I haue done anill to Doralicia, I will make amends: if I haue committed a fault, I will both requite it, and recompence it: as I haue bene thy fathers foe. so I will be his faithful friend, as I haue sought his hale, I will procure his blisse: yea, I will goe against the haire in all things, so I may please thee in any thing.

But as I was about to make a longer discourse, there cut me off in this wise.

Idone

In faith sir (quoth she) so well doe I like you, that you cannot moze displease mee, then in seeking to please mee: so if I know no other cause to hate thee, yet this would suffice, that I cannot but dislike thee: be therefore my fathers friend, or his foe, like him, or hate him, yet this assure thy selfe that I will neuer love thee. And with that she flied from me in a great chafe. I could not, so by this

The History of *Arbasse*,

Inde lovers come to the gates of the Citie, where (though unwilling) I took my leave of them in this sort.

I am so joyfull that such is my lucke, and so unhappy is my lot, that in offering my selfe a companion, I have greatly offended you with my company: yet sth I cannot strine against chance. I thinke my selfe happy that Fortune hath honoured me with the fruition of your presence, hoping when time shall try my words no tales but truth, you will at last make me amends with crying peccavi: in the meane while I commit you to the tuition of the Gods, praying Fortune rather to plague me with all mishap, then to crosse you with any mischance.

Shee thanks I had so; this my friendly curtisie, was a coy disdainfull looke of Doralicia, and a sportfull bala of the old trot Vecchia, but Myrania (as one stung with the piques of fancy) had me farewell, with a more curious gloze.

If sir (quoth she) the secret intent of your friendship, had bene as greenable to the outward manner of your curtisie: wee had ere this yielded you great thankses for your company: but sth you grāt vs with a Iudasse kisse, wee thinke wee have small cause to gratifie you for your kindnes: notwithstanding, least you should accuse vs wtholby of discourtesie, we say, we thanke you, whatsover we thinke, and with that she cast on me such a loving looke, as she seemed to play loth to depart.

CHAP. 4.

Arbasse and *Myrania* with severall coniectures for love,
renewed their complaints.

They now returning to the Court, and I returning to the Campe, failing my selfe deeply perplexed, yet as much as I could dissembled my passions, tolling in love not to be counted a lover, seeking therefore with Egerio, I thus began to draw him on.

How now Egerio, hath not the beauty of these faire Ladies, brought you from your fond vena? Will you not bee content for blaspheming Love, in penance to carry a burning Faggot before Cupid? I me thought your eyes were gazing, wheresoever your heart was gadding: but tell mee in good troth, is not Doralicia worthy to bee loved?

Yes sir (quoth he) if she were not Doralicia, for as she is beautiful, she is to be liked of all, but as she is Pelorus daughter, not to desire

desired of Arbasso, least in seeking to gaine her loue, he get that which he least looked for.

What Egerio, what ill lucke can ensue of loue, when I meane not to venture but vpon trust, no; to trust without tryall?

Such as happens to Achilles by Polixenes, and yet he feared Priamus. But alas sir, I sght to thinke, and I sorrow to see that reason should yeeld to affection, liberty to loue, freedom to fancy, that Venus should beare the target, and Mars the disaffe: that Omphale should handle the club, and Hercules the sphyndle: that Alexander should crouch, and Campaspe be coy: that a warlike minde should yeeld to a little wauering beauty, and that a Prince whose prowess could not be subdued, should by long become subiect at the first shot.

What Egerio (quoth I) knowest thou not that he whom no mortall creature can controll, loue can command, that no dignitie is able to resist Cupids bottie: Achilles was invulnerable, yet wounded by fancie: Hercules not to be conquered of any, yet quickly banquished by affection: Mars able to resist Iupiter, but not to withstand beauty. Loue is not onely kindled in the eye by desire, but ingrauen in the minde by destiny, which neither reason can eschew, no; wisdom expell.

The more pittie (quoth hee) for poore men, and greater impietie in the Gods, that in giuing loue free libertie, they granted him a lawlesse priuiledge. But sith Cupid will be obeyed, Arbasso is willing to be obedient. would God loue had either aymed amisse, or else had not made Doralicia the marte.

I not willing that Egerio should bee play to my passions, told him that what I spoke was in iest, and that if euer I did fancy, I would vse loue as the Persians did the Sunne, who in the morning hono: it as a God, and at noon-tide curse it as a diuell. Concealing thus my care, the covered smokes broke into great flames, that coming to my Tent, I was faine to cast my selfe vpon my bed, where I sobbed forth sorrowfully these words.

Alas Arbasso, how art thou perplexed, thou both liuest in ill hap, and louest with out hope: thou burnest with desire, and art cooled with disdain: thou art bid den to the feast by loue, and art beaten with the spit by beauty. But what then, dost thou count it care which thou sufferest for Doralicia, who shameth Venus for her hue, and staineth Diana for her chastitie: yea but Arbasso, the more beautie she hath, the more pride, & the more vertue, the more precisenesse. Some must play on Mercuries pipe, but Orpheus: none rule Lucifer, but Phobus:

The History of *Arbasso*,

but none were Venus in a tablet but Alexander, nor none inlog Dor-
ralicia, but such an one as farre excelleth this in person and paren-
tage: thou seest she hath denied thy suite, disdained thy service, light-
ly respected thy love, and small regarded thy liking, onely promising
this, while she liues to be thy possessed foe. And what then shall I do,
wilt thou shrink for an April thyme? knowest thou not that a de-
niall is a grant, and a gentle answer a flattering scout: that the more
they sceme at the first to loath, the more they loue at the last. Is not
Venus painted catching the ball with her hands, which she seemeth
to spurne with her feet? Wilt not the spurre trie being between, yield
no sap, which not moued pointeth forth stirrup: and women being wo-
ed, deny that, which of themselves they most earnestly desire.

Alas some Sandrassa is not so hard, but being heat in the fire, it
may be wrought: no Juno so tough, but seasoned with Suchio, it may
be ingramen, no hawks so haggard, which in time may not be called to
the lure: nor no women so wilfull, which by some means may not be
wonne. Woe the best then and be bold, for Love and Fortune careth
not for cowardise.

Say truly Arbasso, what needest thou pine thus in haplesse passions,
nor take for that which is sorrow, which thou mayest obtaine with a small
suite, raise up thy siege, grant but conditions of peace, shew but a
friendly countenance to Pelorus, and hee neither will nor dare deny
thee his daughter Doralicia. Does this then Arbasso, may I would it.
and that with speed, for now I agree to Tully that it is good: *Iniquis-
simam pacem iustissimo bello antepone.*

Well, being resolved upon this point, I felt my minde disburthe-
ned of a thousand cares, wherewith before I was clogged, feeding my
soulle with the hope of that pleasure, which when iniuriouly should re-
compence my former paine.

But alas, worse Myrania could not steele one minute of such ease,
for she incessantly turned the stone with Syphilus, rolled on the wheele
with Ixion, and filled the bottomlesse tuba with Belydes, in so much
that when she could finde no meanes to mitigate her malady, she fel
into these bitter complaints.

Oh Myrania, oh wretched wench Myrania, how art thou without
reason, which sufferest reason to yeeld unto appetite, wisdom unto
sensuall will, and a free mind unto seruile loue: but I perceiue when
the Fair is fierie, it is wratheth about the flame: when the Wap grow-
eth high, it hat' need of a pole, and when virgins war in peeces, they
follow that which belongeth to their youth. Love, love, yea but they
loue

lone expecting some good hap, and I alas both lone and lone without all hope, for Arbasto is my foe, and yet if he were my friend, he liketh not me, he looketh onely upon Doralicia. With then Myrania thou art pinched, & hast none to pittie thy passions, dissemble thy lone, though it shorten thy life: for better it were to dye with griefe, than live with shame. The sponge is full of water, yet it is not saine. The leafe of the tree Alpina though it be wet, looketh alwayes dry, & a wise lover be the neuer so much tormented, behauesth her self as though she were not touched. Yea, but fire cannot bee hidden in the flar without smoake, no; muscke in the bosome without smell, no; lone in the heart without suspicion. Why then seekes some meanes to manifest thy lone to Arbasto: for as the Stone Draconites can by no meanes be polished, unlesse the Lapidarie burns it, so thy minde can by no medicine be cured, unlesse Arbasto ease it: alas Arbasto sweet Arbasto, And with that she fetcht such a groaning sigh, that one of her maides came into the chamber, who by her presence putting her from her passions, sate so long by, till tyred with drownde thoughts shee fell into a slumber.

Fortune frowning thus upon her, and fawning upon mee, I set my foote on the fairest sands, although at last I for no them most sickle, thinking I must needs tread the measures right, when Fortune piped the dancce, but though I threwe at all, yet my chance was hard, for Pelorus trifling for truce, pretended treason: making a shew of feare, sought subtilly how to overthrow me by deceit, saying, in ruling of Empires there is required as great policie as prowesse, in in governing an estate, close crueltie both more good than open clemencie: for the obtaining of a kingdom, as well mischief, as mercy is to be practised, that better he were to commit an inconuenience in breaking his oath, than suffer a mischief by keeping his promise: setting alone the state therefore in this secure perill, thus it fell out.

CHAP. 5.

Arbasto is traiterously surpris'd by Pelorus, and imprisoned in Orleans, with all his army defeated.

After two or thre daies were passed, accompanied onely with Egea, & a few of my guard, I went to Orleans, determining both to conclude a peace, and to demand Doralicia in marriage: where no sooner arriv'd, and entred in at the gates of the City, but I found Pelorus and all his men in armes, which sight so appalled

The History of *Arbasso*,

my senses, that I was as one transfixed, fearing that which presently I found true: for Pelorus having his face inflamed with furious choller, commanded his Captaines to lay hold on me, and to carrie me to close prison, swearing that no lesse than the losse of life should mitigate his furie.

And raging in this choller, after he had lodged me by in Ryms, he went with all his army to the Campe, where finding my souldiers secure, as men little doubting of such misfortune, he made such a monstrous and mercilesse slaughter, as of fiftie thousand he left scaw a line, those which remained he plagued with all kind of Quakerie: returning thence with his shamelesse triumph, he commanded that in the midst of the Cite there should be made a great scaffold, whereupon within foure daies I should be executed: these heaunte and haplesse newes being come to mine eares, such sorrowfull passions perplexed my mind, as after floods of brynish teares, I burst forth into these bitter termes.

Winfortunate Arbasso (quoth I) art thou not worthy of this misery, which wilfully sought thine owne miserie: canst thou accuse the Gods, which didst commit against the Gods: canst thou condemne Fortune, which hath warred against nature and Fortune: No, no, in suffering reason to yeeld unto appetite, wisdom unto will, and wit unto affection, thou hast procured thine owne death, and thy souldiers destruction. Alas, yea, loe it is that hath procured thy selfe, beautie that hath bred thy bale: fancie hath given thee the foyle, and thine owne witlesse will hath wrought thy stowe: the more is thy pain, and the lesse thou art to be pittied: was there none so like but Doralicia? none to chuse but thy foe? none so lone but thine enemy: While we yett fraight with carelesse folly.

And with that, as I was ready to reclaine againe my curbed beaustie, I heard the prison doore open, where I saw presently to enter, Myranda, Doralicia, and Gubaine Vecchia, who seeing me sit in such sorrowfull dumps, began to smile at my dolor, and to laugh at my mishap, which wilfully thrust my selfe into such miserie, thinking therfore to aggravate my griefs by rubbing afresh my soze, Doralicia began to galle me on this soze.

Fearing Arbasso (quoth she) that you were come to prosecute your sute, playing the good Captaine, that for the first foyle given not once the field, I thought good to give you a smiling looke, in recompence of your flattering lone, least if I should not be so courteous to so kinde a Gentelman, the world should account me ingratefull.

It is truth after (quoth Myrria) it seemes hee is a passing un-
consoner: but it is pittie he hath very ill lucke: he chooseth his cha-
cer well, but yet is an unskillfull chapman, for if he buy at such an un-
reasonable rate, he is like to line by the losse.

Lucy (quodame Vecchia) he playeth like the Dragon, who sucking
bloud out of the Elephant, killeth him, and with the same paysoneth
her selfe: so Arballo, seeking to betray others, is himselfe taken in
the trap: a lust reward for so unskill dealing and a just revenge for so
unskillfull an enemy.

And yet (quoth Dorslicia) his purpose hath taken small place: for
whatsoever his minde was, his malice hath wanted might, wherein
he resembleth the Serpent Porphirus, who is full of payson, but be-
ing toothlesse, hurteth none but himselfe. Surely whatsoever his
chance be, hee hath made a very good choice: for he preferreth slowe
loue before bitter death, and the hope of everlasting fame, before the
feare of momentary misfortune: hee shall now for his constancy be
canonized in Denmarke for a saint, and his subjects may boast and
say, that Arballo our king died for loue.

Egerio seeing that extremity of griefe had brought him to ut-
ter one word, not able any longer to abide these scumps, cross her
with this chollerike reply.

Gentleman (quoth he) although I so ferme you, rather to shew
my own condition, than to decipher your conditions, it seemeth nar-
ture hath taught you very few manners, or nature afforced be-
y small modesty, that seeing one in distresse, you should laugh at his
dolor, and where the partie is crossed with mishap, you would with
bitter taunts increase his misery: if he be your foe, hee hath now the
sople, he is taken in the snare, his life hangeth in the ballance.

Though your father be without pittie, yet in that you are a wo-
man, be not without pittie. Hate him if you please as he is your ene-
my, but despise him not as hee is Arballo, a king, and your haplesse
lover: here are captines, not to a worthy conqueror, but to a wretch-
ed catle: not wounded by prowesse, but by perjury, not by sight,
but by falshood. Who in our liues to thy fathers lesse, town continue
all same, and he by our deaths shall purchase perpetuall infamy.

Dorslicia not willing to suffer him waite any further, cut him short
in this manner.

Sir, if bagges could stand for payment, I am sure you would not
die in any mans debt: but if your prowesse had beene as good as your
prowesse, you needed not have daunced within so short a troder: traue

The History of *Arbaste*, in 1677

Cocks crow to woe it, fearful curs barks moe, and a hartlesse coward
hath a thousand more tongue then a haughty Captain. But I beare with
you, so; I doubt the fears of death and danger, hath dazled thy man-
ner into a cold pallie, and hath made thee either scanticks or lona-
tickle, the one shewing his melancholly, the other betwajing thy
choller, willing therefore as a friend you should passe over your
passions with more patience, we will leave you as we found you, but
lettle you meane to be shyned, & then I will send you a ghostly father.

Our confession good mistresse (quoth Egenio) requires but a small
Apist: so; we have very little to say, but that Arbaste repents that e-
ver hee loved such a perveris minion, and I that ever trusted such a
perjured traytor.

The Gentlewoman toke this for a farewell, passing merily to
the Palace, and leaving vs sitting sorrowfully in the prison, beway-
ling our mishap with teares, and exclaiming against fortune with
bitter curses, what our complaints were it little availeth to rehearse:
so; it would but dize thee into dumps, and redouble my dole. What
suffice this that we were so long tormentes with care, that at last we
were past cure, counting this our greatest calamitie, that living, eue-
ry houre we lookt to die.

But as thus we were drowned in distresse: so my Myrania had
her minde doubtfully perplexed. Nature claimed by due to have the
preheminance, and long sought by force to winne the supremacy. Na-
ture brought in Pelorus aged haire to make the challenge, and Love
presented Arbastes sweet face to be the Champion: tossed thus with
two contrarie tempests, at last she began to lead with her passions.

Oh thyce infortunate Myrania, what strange fits bee these that
burne thee with heate, and yet thou shakest with cold the body in a
shivering sweat and in a flaming Ice, melting as waxe, and yet as
hard as the Adamant: is it love? then would it were death so; liker
it is thou shalt lose thy life, than winne thy love.

Oh haplesse Arbaste, would to God thy vertues were lesse than thy
beauty, or my vertues greater then my beauties: so should I either
quickly free my selfe from fancie, or be lesse subiected to folly.

But alas I seale in my mind fierce skirmishes betwixt reason
and appetite, love and wisdom, danger and desire, the one perswa-
ding to hate Arbaste as a foe, the other constraining to love him as a
friend: If I consent to the first, I end my daies with death, if to the
last, I shall lead my life with infamy. What shall I then do? Oh My-
rania, either swallow the iuyce of Spandake, which may cast thee in-
to

to a dead sleepe, or chere the bearch Carysum, which may cause thee to hate every thing, so either shalt thou die in thy slumber, or dislike Arbasio by thy potion.

With poyse wench, what follics be these? wilt thou with the Wolfe barke at the Poyne, or with the young Shippons, percke against the starres? Doeest thou thinke to quench fire with a sword: or with affection to moisten lous?

No, no, if thou bee wise suffer not the grasse to bee cut from under thy feet, Strike while the pyre is hotte, make thy market while the chaffer is to sale.

Now Arbasio is thine owne, now thou maist winne him by love, and weare him by lawe: thou maist free him from miserie without thy fathers mishap: thou maist save his life without thy fathers losse: thou maist grant thy good will unto lous, and yet not falsifie thy faith unto nature.

Can Arbasio which is so courteous, become so cruell, but he will requite thy lous with loyaltye, thy faithfull fancy, with unfained affection?

No, no, he will and must lous thee of force, since thou hast granted him his life of free will: hee will like thee in thy youth, and honour thee in thine age: he will be the port of prosperitie wherein thou maist rest, and the haven of happynesse, wherein thou maist harbour without harme: so that thou maist say of him, as Andromache saith by Hector, *Tu Dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eris.*

Yea but Myrania, yet looke before thou leape, and learne by other mens harmes to beware, Ariadne louned Theseus, freed from him the monstrous Mynotaure, taught him to passe the Labyrinth, yea forsooke Parents and Countrey for his cause, and yet the guerdon hee gaue her for her good will, was to leane her a desolate wyetch in a desert wilbernesse.

Medea and Iason from the danger of the Dragons, and yet shee found him trothlesse: Phillis harbozed Demophon, and Dydo, Eneas, yet both repayed their love with hate.

With the faire wower hath not the best sent: the Rapiidaries chose not the stone by the outward colour, but by the secret vertue: Paris was faire, yet false: Thiestes was beautifull, but deceitfull, Vulcan was caried in white Juooy yet a Smith.

The precious stons of Mausolous sepulcher, could not make the dead carcase live. Beautie Myrania is not alwayes accompanied with vertue, honestie and constancie: but oft times fraught with vice.

The History of *Arbasso*,

his e, and portier. What then if some were *Trappozs*, shall *Arbasso* be troubleſſe: if ſome were ſaiſe, ſhall he be ſaiſibleſſe: no, his beautie & vertue hath wonne me: and he himſelfe ſhall weare me: I will ſoake Father, friends, and Countrey, ſo: his cauſe: yea, I will venture him and liſe to ſee him from danger, in deſpight of ſteward Fortune, and the deſtinies.

CHAP. 6.

Myrania in loue with *Arbasso*, contriueſſe his deliuey out of priſon by a ſecret policy.

MYrania being thus reſolute in her opinion, began to caſt beyond the ſtone, and to frame a thouſand deuices in her head to bring her purpoſe to paſſe, fearing every ſhadow, doubting every wind, ſtumbling at the leaſt ſtraw, yet at the laſt picked ſo:ward by fancy, ſhe thought to preuent all cauſe of ſcandall in this wiſe.

The evening beſo: ſhe meant to atchieue her enterpriſe, ſhe ſecretly ſent ſo: the *Jaylor* by one of her maids, to whom ſhe durſt commit her ſecret affaires, who being taught by her miſtreſſe to play her part cunningly, brought the *Jaylor* into *Myranias* chamber by a private gate, ſo that they were neither ſene nor ſuſpected of any: where hee no ſoner came, but hee was courteouſly entertained of the young *Ladis*, who ſaimes that ſhe had to debate with him of weightie affaires, called him into her cloſet, where treading upon a ſaiſe boord, he fell up to the ſhoulders, not being able to helpe himſelfe, but that he there ended his liſe.

Myrania hauing deſperately atchieued this deed, ſhe ſtraight ſought not to rob him of his coyne, but to bereaue him of his keyes, which after ſhe had gotten, and conueyed his carcaſſe into a ſecret place, ſhe went in her night gowne, accompanied onely with her maid to the priſon.

Arbasso and *Egerio* hearing the doores open at ſuch an vnaccuſtomed hour, began ſtraight to conſecture, that *Palorus* ſought to murder them ſecretly, leaſt his owne people ſhould accuſe him of cruelty: but as they looked to haue ſene the *Jaylor*, they ſpied *Myrania* in her night gowne: which ſudden and vnlooked ſo: ſight ſo appalled their ſenſes, as they were diuened into a maze, till *Myrania* awakened them from theſe dumps with this ſugred harmony.

I perceiue *Arbasso*, that my preſence both make thee to muze. and my ſudden arrival hath diuened thee into a maze: what ſtrange wind ſhould

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

should land me in this coast. In truth thou maist thinke either my message is great, as my modesty little, either that I take small care of my selfe, or repose very great trust in thee, who at a time vnfit for my calling, haue without any guard come to a stranger, a captiue, yea and my fathers fatal foe. I confesse it is a fault if I were not forst: but seeing that necessity hath no law, I thinke I haue the lesse broken the law. But to leane off these needlesse preambles, wheredoe thy words no lesse danger then death: know this Arbasto, that since thy first arrivall at my Fathers Court, my eyes haue ben so bagled with the beames of thy beautie, and my minde so snared with blew of thy vertues, as thou onely art the man, whom in heart I loue and like: seeing thee therefore doowned here by aduers Fortune, in most haplesse distresse, willing to manifest the loyalty of my loue in effect, which I haue protested in wordes, I haue rather chosen to hazard both my life and hono^r, than not to offer thee peace, if thou wilt agree vnto the conditions. As my Father hath wrought thy wee, I will worke thy weale: as he hath sought thy hale, I will procure thy blisse: from penurie I will set thee in prosperitie. I will free thee from prison, from danger, yea from death if selfe. I will in paying to loue, dissent from nature, to leane my Father, friends, and Countreie, and passe with thee into Denmarke. And to cut off speeches, which might seeme to fauour either of flattery, or deceit: as thou art the first vnto whom I haue bowed my loue, so thou shalt be the last, requiring no meed for my merit, nor no other guerdon for my good will, but that thou wilt take mee to thy wife, and in pledge of my truth, sechere the keyes, and all other things promised for our speedie passage.

Myrania had no longer uttered these wordes, but my mind was so muzzled, as I was drowne into an extasse for loo, seeing that the terror of my death was taken away with the hope of life, that from beatnitude, I should be reioyced to happinesse, and from most carefull miserie, to most secure felicity, I therefore framed her this answer.

Oh Myrania the purest Cincelle shineth brightest when it hath no oyle, and truely brightest when it is apparelled worst. Flatter I will not, faithfull I must be. Willed from the one by conscience, and dviene to the other by your carlesse, which by how much the lesse I haue merited it by desert, by so much the more I am bound to requite it by dutie. To decipher in coloured discourses, and to paint out wotib curious shadowes, how humbly I accept of your offer, and how greatly I thinke my selfe beholding to the Gods, for blessing me with such

an

The History of *Arbaste*,

an happy chance, what my loyaltie and troth shall be, were but to proue that which your Labilip, hoping of my constancie, hath not put in question. If he guerdon you crame for your good will is such, that if your curtesie had not forced me to it by constraint, yet your beauties and vertues are so great, as fancies would haue compelled me by consent. Myrania, what thou canst wish in a true and trustie Louer, I promise to performe, swearing vnto thee, that the Winds shall blow against the streames, the earth shall mount against his course, yea my carcaske shall be consumed vnto dust and ashes, be seze my minde shall be found disloyall, and to this I call the Gods to witnesse, of whom I desire no longer to line, than I meane simply to loue.

Oh Arbaste (quoth she) would God I had neuer sene thee, or that I may finde thy waykes according to thy wayes, otherwile shall I haue cause to wish I had bene moze cruell, or lesse courtious. But loue will not let me doubt the worst, but bids mee hope the best: yet thus much I may say, when Iason was in danger, who moze faithfull: when Theseus feared the Labyrinth, who moze loyall: when Demophon suffered shipwreake, who moze louing: but I will not say what I thinke Arbaste, because thou shalt not suspect I feare.

Opadama (quoth Egerio) Arbaste is my soueraigne, and I both honour and feare him as a subject, yet if he should but once to heare thinke to bee disloyall to Myrania, the Gods confound mee with all earthly plagues, if I would not of a trustie friend, become his moze tall foe.

It is easie to perswade her Egerio (quoth she) who already is most willing to beleene, let vs leaue therefore these needlesse protestations, and goe to the purpose, delay breeds danger, time tarrieth for no man, speed in necessitie is the best spurre, let vs haue therefore till we get south of France, least if we be psonated, it breed my mishap, and your fatall misery.

Upon this we stayed not, but shutting the prison close, got conuertly out of the Citie, passing through France with many fearefull perils, which to rehearse, were both needlesse, or bootlesse: suffice this, wee at last happily arrived at Denmarke, where how I was welcommed home with triumphes, were too long to relate. But how Pelorus was perplexed, after he knew of our happy departure, though (God wot) most haplesse vnto him, I referre to thy good consideration to coniecture. The old man fretted not so fast in his misantholy, but Doralicia chafed as much in her choller, blaspheming bitterly

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

toe both againſt me and her ſiſter Myrania : but as woꝝden breake
no bones, ſo we cared the leſſe foꝝ her ſcolding, fearing not the noyſe
of the peere as long as we were without danger of the ſhot. Well, lea-
uing them to their dumps, to vs again which floated in delight : Achis
Fortune hauing now hoꝝled vs vp to the top of her inconſtant wheele,
ſeing how careleſſe I ſlumbered in the cradle of ſecuritie, thought to
make me a very mirrour of her mutabilitie, foꝝ ſhe began a freſh to
turne my tꝛypet on this wiſe.

As daily I flattered Myrania, foꝝ ſancie her I could not, promiſing
with ſpeed to call a Parliament foꝝ the confirmation of the marriage,
I ſill felt the ſtumps of the old loue I bare Doralicia to ſicke in my
ſtomache, the moꝝe cloſely I covered the ſparkes, the moꝝe the flame
burſt forth, I ſound abſence to increaſe affection, not to decreaſe fan-
cy: in the day my mind detoꝝ of her vertues, in the night I dreamed
of her beautie: yea, Cupid began to encounter me with ſo freſh can-
timados, as by diſtance my diſtreſſe was farre moꝝe augmented:
ſuch ſighes, ſuch ſobs, ſuch thoughts, ſuch paines and paſſions per-
plexed me, as I felt the laſt aſſault woꝝe then the ſoꝝmer batterie. If
I loued Doralicia in France, I now liked her thꝛice better being in
Denmarke. If in preſence her perſon pleaſed me, now in abſence her
perfection moꝝe contented me. To conclude, I ſware to my ſelfe with
a ſolemne ſigh. Doralicia was, is, and ſhall be the miſtreſſe of my
heart in deſpight of the froward deſtinies: yet amazed at mine owne
folly, I began thus to miſe with my ſelfe.

O ſwift Arbaſto, nay rather ſcantiſke ſondling, haſt thou leſſe
reaſon then vnreaſonable creatures: the Wyger ſweth the traine, the
Lion ſcheweth the nets, the Wre awaydeth the ropes, becauſe they
are taken with theſe inſtruments, and art thou ſo mad, as hauing e-
ſcaped pikes, wiſdely to thruſt thy ſelfe into perill: The childe being
burnt hateth the fire, but thou being an old ſoule, wiſt with the woꝝme
Naplitia no ſoner come out of the coales. but leap into the flame.
But alas what then: I ſee the meaſure of loue is to haue no meane,
and the end to be eueraſting: that to loue is allotted to all, but to be
happie in loue, ſcandent to few; why, ſhall I be ſo mad to loue Do-
ralicia, as ſo ſought with ingratull perſury, as not to like Myrania?
the one hath croſſed me with bitter giꝛdes, the other courted mee with
ſweet glances. Doralicia hath rewarded me with diſdaine, Myrania
intreated me with deſires, the one hath ſaued my life, the other ſought
my death. O Arbaſto thou ſeeſt the beſt, but I feare like to ſollow
the woꝝſt. Alas I cannot but loue Doralicia, what then? what reſteth

The History of *Arbasse*,

for me to do, but to dye with patience, seeing I cannot live with pleasure : yea *Arbasse*, die, die, rather with a secret scar, than an open scorne, for thou maist well see, but neuer shalt thou haue good successe. And yet Lions salone when they are clawed : the most cruell Tygers stop when they are tickled : and Women, though neuer so obstinate, yeld when they are courted. There is no Pearle so hard, but vinegar breaketh : no Diamond so stony, but blisnd mollifieth, no heart so stiff, but loue weakeneth : what though *Doralicia* sought thy death, perhaps now she repents, and will giue thee life : though at the first she call thee a stone, shee will now thow thee an apple. Why then *Arbasse* assault her once againe with a fresh charge, seeke to get that by Letters, which thou couldest not gaine by talke, for one line is of moze force to perswade, then a moneths parle, for in writing, thou maist so set downe thy passions, & her perfections, as shee shall haue cause to thinke well of thee, and better of her selfe, but yet so warily, as it shall be hard for her to iudge whether thy loue be moze faithfull, or her beantie amiable.

CHAP. 7.

Arbasse strangely transported with *Doralicias* loue, forgetteth *Myranias* kindnesse, and sendeth couertly to *Doralicia*, who againe denieth him.

Having thus determined with my selfe, though as couertly as I could to concale my affaires, least either *Myrania* or *Egerio* should spie my halting, I priuily sent an Ambassadour to *Pelerus*, to intreat for a contract betwene vs, and also to crame his daughter *Doralicia* in marriage, promising to send him *Myrania* safe vpon this consent, and withall I framed a Letter to *Doralicia* to this effect.

Arbasse, to the fairest *Doralicia*, health.

Such and so extreme are the passions of loue (*Doralicia*) that the more they are quenched by discoures, the greater flames is increased by desire, and the more they are galled with hate, the more they gape after loue, like to the stone *Tapozon*, which being once kindled, burneth most vehemently in the water. I speake this (the greater is my griefe) by pproofe and experience, for hauing my heart scorched with the beames of thy beauty, and my minde inamed with thy singular vertue, neither can thy bitter looks abate my loue, nor thy

extreme discourteasie diminish my affection. As Doralicia, I am not he that will leane the sword Englantine because it prickes my finger, and refuse the gold in the fire because it burnt my hand, for the mind of a faithful lover, is neither to be daunted with despight, nor affrighted with danger: but as the Loadstone, what winds soeuer doth blowe, turneth alwayes to the South, so the love of Arbasto is euer more bent to the beautie and vertue of Doralicia, whatsoever misfortune happeneth. Yea, it saith with me as with the herbe Wall, the which the more it is crushed, the sooner it springeth, or the puce spice, which the more it is pounded, the sweeter it smelleth, or the Camemill, which the more it is troden with the feet, the more it flourisheth: so in these extremities, beaten downe to the ground with disdain, yet my love reacheth to the top of the house with hope. With then Doralicia, thy beauty hath made the sores, let thy bounty apply the salve, as thy vertue hath caused my maladie, so let thy mercie giue the medicine, repay not my constancy with crueltie, requite not my love with hate, and my desire with despight, least thou procure my speedy death, and thy endlesse infamy. Thus hoping thou wilt haue some remouie of my passions, I attend thy friendly sentence, and my fatal destiny.

Thine euer, though neuer thine, *Arbasto.*

As soone as I had written my Letter, I dispatcht the messenger As speedily and painely as might be, who within the space of three weekes arrived at Orleans, where delivering his Ambassage to Pelorus, and my Letter to Doralicia, he stayed for an answer the space of tenne dayes, in which time, Pelorus consulting with his Council, was very willing to grant me his daughter in marriage, but that by no means he could winne the good will of Doralicia, seeing therefore no persuasions could preuaile, he dispatcht my messenger with dismissal, and Doralicia returned me this stoward answer.

Doralicia to Arbusto.

Where dost thou learne fond tole, that being forbidden to be kind, thou shouldest grow impudent: that willes to leane off thy sute, yet thou shouldest bee importunate: dost thou thinke with the Spaniol, by saluoning when thou art beaten, to make thy foe, thy friend: no, let others deeme of thee what they list, I will count thee a cur.

The History of *Arbasso*,

car. Dost thou thinke I will be beaten by thy counterfaite conceits, as the straw by the Jet, or as the gold by the minerall Chysocolia? No, no, if thou seekest to obtaine favour at my hands, thou doest strive to wiping water out of the Pumice, and dost wozth the means to increase thine owne shame and severitie: for as by instinct of nature, there is a secret hate, betwene the Wine and the Cabbish, betwene the Bore and the Cowb, and betwene the yron and the Theamides, so in my minde I feele a secret grudge betwene *Arbasso* and *Doralicia*: erase then to gape for that thou shalt never get, and take this both for a warning and an answer: For if thou prosecute thy sute, thou dost but persecute thy selfe, seeing I am neither to be wooed with thy passions whilest thou livest, nor to repent me of my rigour when thou art dead. For I sweare, that I will never consent to love him, whose sight (if I may say with modesty) is more bitter unto me than death. Whoe I am though sharpe, for I love not to flatter, take this therefore for thy farewell, that I live to hate thee.

Willing after death, if it could be,
thy foe, *Doralicia*.

After that the Challenger was returned to Denmarke, and that I had received and read the Letter, such sundry thoughts assailed me, that I became almost franticke: feare, despaire, griefe, hate, tholler, wraith, desire of revenge, & what not, so tormented my mind, that I fell to raging against the Gods, to railing at *Doralicia*, and to cursing of all womankind, conceiving such an extreme hate against her, as before I loved her not so heartily, as now I loathed her hatefully, counting my selfe an vngate to each towarde *Myrania*, and calling to minde her beauty and vertue, her bounty and curtesie: I fell more deeply in love with her, than ever with *Doralicia*, so that I could not spare one glance from gazing upon her person, nor draw my minde from musing on her perfection. But a sudden change, alas a sorrowfull chance.

Myrania perceiving me soured of these sorrowfull dumps, began straight without asking any water, to conjecture my disease, and to shew it that, which indeed she hit without any great ayne. But as love is most suspicious, so she began to doubt the worst, fearing that as yet the beauty of *Doralicia* was not blotted out of my minde, searching therefore narrowly what she could either heare or learne of my secrets, at last she found out that which wrought her small mischance, and

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

19

and my fatall misery. For by lucklesse chance, leauing the doore of my closet open, Myrania thinking to finde me at my studies, stumbled on the coppie of my Letter, which I sent to Doralicia, and vpon the answer which I receiued from that ruthlesse opinion. which after shee had read, perceiving how traitterously I had requited her loue with hate. she conceived her selfe covertly into her Chamber, where, after she had almost dimmed her sight with floods of teares, and burst her heart with blowing sighs, she fell into these complaints.

O infortunate Myrania, O haplesse Myrania, yea, O thrice accursed Myrania, whom Fortune by spight seeketh to saile, whom the destinies by fate are appointed to plague, and whom the gods by iustice will and must most cruelly reuenge. Thou hast bene a paricide to thy father, in seeking to destroy him by thy disobedience: thou art a traitor to thy Countrey, in sauing the enemy of the Common-wealth, & thou art a foe to nature, in louing disloyall Arbasio: & can the Gods but plague those monstrous injuries: No, no Myrania, thou hast deserved more mishap then either Fortune can, or will afford thee. Ah cruell and accursed Arbasio, I see now that it fareth with thee, as with the Panther, which hauing made one astonished with his faire sight, seeketh to deuoure him with bloudy pursute, & with me worse wretch, as it doth with them that biew the Basilisks, whose eyes procure death to the looker at the first glimpse, but death at the second glance. Alas, was there none to like but thy foe: none to loue but Arbasio: none to fancy but a perjured Dane: none to match with but a flattering mate. How hath thy latelesse loue gained a lucklesse end: now thou triest by experience, that the tree Alpine is smooth to bee touched, but bitter to bee tasted: that the fairest Serpent is most infectious, the sweetest colour soonest stained, the clearest glasse most brittle, and that lowers, though they beare a delicate shew, yet they haue a deceitfull substance: that if they haue honey in their monthes, yet they haue gall in their hearts: the more is the pittie, in thee to trust without feare, and the greater impietie for him to be a traitor, being so well trauell'd.

As this thia the ruthlesse of Denmarke towards friends, to intreat them so dispaighfull as is my good will not only reiected without cause, but also disdain'd without colour: Alas what shall I doe to this extremity being a forlorne wretch, in a forlorn Countrey: which way shall I turne me, of whom shall I seeke remedy: Pelorus will reiect me, and why should he not: Arbasio hath reiected me, and why should hee: the one I haue offended with too much griefe, the other I haue

The History of *Arbasso*,

serued with too great good will: the one is lost with loue, the other with hate: Pelorus, because I cared not for him: Arbasso, because I cared for him, but alas too much. And with that she fetch such a sigh, as witnessed a heart pained with most intolerable passions, you care and grieue so fiercely and freshly assaulted her, as she fell into a fener, refusing all succenance, wishing and calling for nothing but death.

While shee thus pined away with grieue, I thought to search out her soze, but I could not perceiue the cause of her sorrow, only I did coniecture this, that she doubted my Nobles would not consent to our marriage: to rid her therofore of this care, I presently called a Parliament, where without any great controuersie it was concluded.

This newes being come to the eares of Myrania, it no whit decreased her dolor, but did rather far the more augment her distress, which made Egerio to mase, and dyane me into a great maye: so that accompanied with my Nobles, I went to comfort her, and to carry her newes, that if shee could but come into the Chamber of her presence, she should there be crowned Queen. But alas, when I came & saw her so altered in one worke, wasted to the hard bones, more like a ghost than a living creature, I began thus to comfort her.

My Myrania quoth I) more loued of me than mine owne life, and more deare vnto mee than my selfe, would God I might be plagued with all earthly diseases, so I might see thee free from distress: how can Arbasso be without sorrow to see Myrania oppressed with sickness? & how can he but sink in calamitie, to see her but once toucht with care? alas, unfold vnto me thy soze, and I will apply the salue, make me priuie to thy malady, & I will procure a medicine: If want of wealth worke thy wor, thou hast the kingdomes of Denmark to dispose at thy pleasure: if absence from friends, thou hast such a friend of thy louing spouse Arbasso, as death it selfe shall neuer dissolve our loue.

I had no sooner vttered this word, but Myrania, as one possessed with some hellish fury, start vp in her bed, with staring lookes, and wrathfull countenance, seeming by her raging gestures to be in a frenzy: but being kept downe by her Cryes, shee roared out these hatefull curses.

O vile wretches (quoth she) will you not suffer me in my life to reuenge my selfe on that perjured traitor Arbasso, yet shall you not deny mee but after death my ghost shall torment him with gastly visions. O thicke accursed caitsie, dost thou come to helpe mee with thy scabbard, and secretly hurt me with thy sword: dost thou offer me honey openly, and piously present mee with gall? dost thou say thou wilt

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

wilt cure me with loue, when thou seekst to kill me with hate? haue I redeemed thee from mishap, and wilt thou requite me with misery? was I the meane to save thy life, and wilt thou without cause procure my death? haue I forsaken my Country, betrayed my Father, and yet wilt thou kill me with discourtesie? O haplesse Myrania, could not Medea's mishap haue made thee beware? could not Ariadnes ill lucke haue taught thee to take heed? could not Phillis misfortune haue feared thee from the like folly: but thou must like and loue a stragling stranger? Aye me that repentance should euer come too late: folly is sooner remembred then redressed, and time may be repented, but not recalled.

But I see it is a p[er]uersion in men to care as little care of their owne oaths, as of their Ladies honours, imitating Iupiter, who neuer kept oath he swore to Iuno, diddest thou not false Arbasio protest with solemne vowes, when thy life did hang in the ballance, that thy loue to Myrania should bee alwayes loyall, and hast thou not since sent and seduced secretly, to winne the good will of Doralicia? diddest thou not swear to take me to thy mate, and hast thou not since sought to contract with her a new match? thou diddest promise to be true vnto me, but hast p[ro]u'd tru[th]lesse vnto her: what should I say, thou hast presented her with pleasant drinckes, and p[er]soned me with bitter potions, the more is my penurie, and the greater is thy perurie. But vile wretch, dost thou thinke this thy villany shall be v[er]geu'd. No, no Egerio, I hope the Gods haue appointed thee to reuenge my iniuries, thou hast sworne it, and I feare not but thou wilt p[er]forme it. And that thou maist knowe I claime not without cause, see here the Letters which haue passed betwixen this false traytor, and Doralicia.

The sight of these Letters so gall'd my guiltie conscience, as I stood as one astonish'd, not knowing what to doe, excuse my selfe I could not, confirme my loue I durst not, yet at last the water standing in mine eyes, clasping her hand in mine, I was ready to craue pardon, if she had not p[re]uented me with these inturbing speeches.

Cleere thy false traytor, Arbasio thou canst not p[er]swade mee thou shalt not, forgive thee I will not, cease therefore to speake. so in none of these thou shalt sp[ea]ke. Egerio I saued thy life, then reuenge my death, and so content I be, yet onely discontent in this, that I cannot liue to hate Arbasio so long as I loued him.

And with that turning vpon her left side, with a gasping sigh she gaue vp the ghost: which sight d[re]we me into such a desperate minde, that if Egerio and the rest had not holden mee, I had sent my soule with hers to the graue.

CHAP.

The History of *Arbasso*,

CHAP. 8.

After *Myranias* death, *Doralicia* relenteth, and sendeth to *Arbasso*, who then hated her as much as he loued her before.

After *Myranias* death, being carried by force to my bed, I lay for certaine dayes oppressed with such sorrow, as if I had bene in a trance, cursing and accusing my selfe of ingratitude, of perurie, and of most despiightfull disloyalty, I lay perplexed with incessant passions.

Well, this heauy and haplesse netues being noysed in France, *Pecolus* taking the death of his daughter to heart, in thost time died, leauing *Doralicia* the onely inheritor of his kingdome.

But yet se how fortune framed by this tragedy, who meant to cast *Doralicia* from most happy felicitie, to most haplesse miserie: for shee seeing that no sinisser chance could change my affection, that neither the length of time, nor the distance of place, the spight of fortune, the feare of death, nor her most cruell discourtesie, could diminish my loue: musing I say, on this my inuolable constancie, Cupid meaning to reuenge, saring her now at disconert, dyed home to the dead, and strake her so deepe at the heart, as in despiight of *Vesta* the balled bonnet, and giuing ground, sobbed forth secretly to her selfe these wordes: Alas I loue *Arbasso*, and none but *Arbasso*.

Venus seeing that her boy had so well plaid the man, began to triumph ouer *Doralicia*, who now was in her dumps, Reining as yet betwixne loue and hate, till fancy set in her foot, and then shee yielded vp the bulwarke in these peaceable termes.

Why how now *Doralicia* (quoth she) doest thou dye as one o: date? Is it folly o: scenzy: melancholy o: madnesse, that dyueth thee thus into dumps, and so strangely distressed thee with dole? What fond thoughts, what vnacquainted passions: what slumbring imaginati: ons are these which perplexeth thee: hast thou now sole fire to spring out of the cold flint? heat to fry ~~away~~ the chilling frost: lone to come from hate, and desire from ~~dislike~~ *dislike*? Doest thou fare as though thou hadst bene dyeried in the *River Tello* in *Phrigia*? which at the first breedeth sorrow through extreame cold, but forthwith burneth the sinewes through raging heat? Hath *Venus* now in despiight of *Vesta* made thee balld bonnet? the moze (poore wench) is thy misshapen, and the worse to thy fortune: for loue (though neuer so sweete) cannot yet be digested without a most sharpe sauce: saring

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like the gold that is neuer perfect till it hath past through the furnace:

Loue Doralicia, but whom dost thou loue, Arbasto: what the man whom euen now thou didest so deeply hate: hast thou so little force ouer thy affections, as to fancy thy foe: No, no, fond sole, Arbasto is thy friend, and one that hono:eth thee as a Saint, and would serue thee as his soueraigne, that loueth and liketh thee as much as thou canst desire, but moze than thou dost deserue, who being bitterly crossed with discurtellie, could neuer be touched of inconstancy: but still remaineth like to Aristotles Quadratus, which howsoeuer it is turned alwayes standeth stedfast. Thou canst not then of conscience Doralicia, but repay his loue with liking, and his firme fancy with mutuall affection: he is beautifull to please the eye, vertuous to content the mind: rich to maintaine thy honour, of birth to counteruaile thy parentage, wise, courteous, and constant, and what wouldest thou haue moze?

Yea but alas I haue reiected his seruice, and now hee will not respect my fate: I haue detested him, and now he will despise mee: I haue requited his good will with crueltie, and he will reuenge me with contempt.

Better hadst thou then conceals it with griefe, than reuents it to thine owne shame: say if thou ayme at the white and misse the mark, thou shalt bee pointed at of those that hate thee, pittied of those that loue thee, scozned at by him, and talked of by all: suffer rather thy (poore Doralicia) death by silence, than dishonour by reuening thy secrets, say death cutteth off all care, but dishonour by reueth endless calamity.

But dost thou thinke Arbasto can so harden his heart, as to hate thee, so make his affections as to flee from fancy, that he will become so proud as to refuse thy proffer? No, if thou sendest him but one line, it will moze harme him, then all Circes enchantments: if thou leauest but one friendly to he, it will be moze esteemed than life. Why, but Doralicia? and with that she fate still as one in a trance, building castles in the ayre, hanging betwixt feare and hope, trust and dislike, and thus shee continued till shee felt the force from these dumps, the winter of late; whereupon shee thus vnto this vnto:

IN time we see that silver drops
The craggie stones make soft;
The slowest snail in time, we see,
Doth creepe and climbe aloft.

5

With

The History of *Arbasso*,

With feeble puffes the tallest pine
In tract of time doth fall :
The hardest heart in time doth yeeld
To *Venus* luring call.

Where chilling frost alate did nip,
There flasheth now a fire :
Where deepe disdain bred noysome hate,
There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to haue his hap,
What care in time not easd ?
In time I loath'd that now I loue,
In both content and pleas'd.

Doralicia hauing ended her little, laid downe her Lute, and besooke her to her former passions, wherein she had not long plodded, but she determined to write vnto me with as much speed as might be, framing her Letters to this effect.

Doralicia to *Arbasso*, health.

Weighing with my selfe (*Arbasso*) that to be vnjust, is to offer iniury to the Gods, and that without cause to be cruell, is against all conscience : I haue thought god to make amends for that which is amiss, & of a sained sor, to become thy faithfull friend : so; since the receipt of thy Letters, calling to minde the perfection of thy body, and perfectnes of thy minde, thy beautie and vertus, thy curtesie and constancy, I haue bene so snared with fancy, and fettered with affection, as the Idea of thy person hath pined me with most haplesse passions.

If I haue bene reckless of thy good will, repent me, if ruthlesse through cruell speeches, I recall them, and relouing note, that of late I loathed, and desiring that which euen now I desirelesse, which as often as I call to mind, I can not but blush to my selfe for shame, and fall out with my selfe for anger.

But the purest Diamond is to be cut befoze it bee woyn, the frankinsence is to be burnt befoze it be smelt, and Lovers are to be tryed befoze they bee trusted, least, winning like the Carbuncle, as though

though they had fire, yet being toucht, they pious passing cold, for the minde by trpall onces scolded of mistrust, becommeth moze sener after to belife: so that Arbasio, as I have pined thee with bitter pills, I will now pamper thee with swete potions: as I have galled thee with crueltye, I will heale thee with curesse: yea, if thy good nature can forget that which my ill tongue doth repent, or thy most constant kindnesse forgive that my unbridled fury did commit, I will countervails my former discourtesie with ensuing constancy, I will be as ready after to take an iniury, as I was to give an offence, thou shalt finde my love and duty such and so great, as either Doralicia can performe, or Arbasio desire. And thus committing my life and my living into your hands. Attend thine answers, and rest moze thine than her owne.

Doralicia.

The Messenger by whom she sent this message, making speed to performe his mistresse command, arrived within few dayes at Wernmarke, where delivring me the Letter, I was greatly amazed at the sight thereof, musing what the contents should be, at last unripping the seales, I perceined to what what Doralicia bent her deuotion, but the showe came too late when the grasse was withered: yet I stood for a time astonished, hovering betwene love and hate. But at the last such loathsome musing of her former discourtesie so incensed my land, that to displease her, and to despight Fortune, I returned her speedily this hatefull answer.

To Doralicia, neither health nor good hap.

I Received thy Letter Doralicia, which no sooner I read with mine eye, but I threw into the fire with my hand, least by viewing them I should grow into great surp, or by keeping them shew thee any friendship. For too thunn the place of pestilence for feare of infection, the looks of the Catharis because of diseases: the eyes of the Cockatrice for feare of death, Cierges drinks are deadfull charmes, and Syrens tunes doubting inshagments: should I not then eschew the alluring baits, when thou hast galled mee with the hoke: yea I will, and must, least I bee intrapped with thy subtiltie, or intangled with thy sorcerie. Truly Doralicia that once I loved thee I cannot deny, that now being free I should fall to such folly, I moze than utterly refuse, as before I liked thee in constant hope, so now I loath

The History of *Arbasso*,

the with hateful contempt, comparing the cursed nature to the herb Basil, which both ingendereth Serpents, and killeth them : so the force of thy vertue inflamed me with loue, but the tryall of thy vau-
tie hath quenched it with hate. Vato, yea, I more then hate thee,
most cruell and ingratefull monster, whose beautie I hope was giuen
thee of the Gods, as well to procure thine owne misery, as others
misshap, which if I might liue to see, as Infortunio did by Eriphila, I
would thinke I did leaue my haplesse life to a most happy end. Thus
thou seest how I account of the loue and accept of thy Letters, esteem-
ing the one filthie chaff, and the other as forged charmes, and say-
ing to thy self, that proffered seruice stinks. What more winde I will
not, to spend more time is most ill spent, therefore take this as a fare-
well, that if I heare of thy good hap, I liue displeased, if of thy mis-
fortune, content, if of thy death, most sorrowfull, that the Gods did
not giue thee many dayes, and much distresse : so wishing thee what
might either Fortune or the Fates can allow. Adieu.

Sworne thy foe till death,
Arbasso.

CHAP. 9.

Doralicia hauing receiued *Arbassos* vnkind answer, dieth of a
Frenzie : and *Arbasso* is banished his Kingdome.

Doralicia hauing receiued these Letters, and read the contents,
was so impatient in her passions, that she fell into a Frenzie, ha-
uing nothing in her mouth but *Arbasso*, *Arbasso*, euer doubling this
word with such pittifull cries and scerches, as would haue moued any
but me to remorse: she continued not in this case long before she died.
But I alas leading a loathsome life, was more cruelly crossed by for-
tune, for *Egerio* conspiring with the Priores of my Realme, in short
time by ciuill warres dispossessed me of my Crowne and Kingdome.
Forced then to flye from mine owne Subiects: after some trauell I
arrived at this place, where considering with myself the sickle incon-
dancy of vniuersall Fortune, I haue euer since liued content in this Cell
to despise Fortune, one while sorrowing for the mishap of *Myrania*,
and another while loying at the miserie of *Doralicia* : but alwayes
smiling that by contemning fortune, I learne to lead her in triumph.
Thus thou hast heard why in mine estate I passe my dayes
content: rest therefore satisfied, that thus I haue
liued, and thus I meane to die.

FINIS.

5
THE
HISTORY
OF
ARBASTO
King of Denmarke.

Describing the Anatomy of Fortune, in
his loue to faire *Doralicia*.

Wherein Gentlemen may finde pleasant conceits to purge
melancholy, and perfect counsell to preuent mis-fortune.

By *Robert Greene* Master of Art.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

Wherevnto is added a lovely Poem of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.



LONDON

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To the Right Honourable and Vertuous Ladie, the
Ladie *Mary Tolbot*, wife to the right Honourable, *Gilberts*,
Lord Talbot : *Robert Greene*, wisheth increase
of Honour and Vertue,

MYRON, that unskilful Painter of Greece, neuer drew any picture,
but the counterfait of Iupiter : saying, that if it were ill wrought,
his worthinesse should countenance out the meannesse of his worke, if well,
commend the perfection of his Art.

In like manner fareth it with me (right Honourable) who hauing un-
skilfully shadowed with bad colours, the counterfait of Fortune, presume
boldly to shrowde it under your Ladships patronage, as able to defend it,
beit neuer so meane, and to countenance it, were it neuer so good. Thus
hopefull of your Ladships acceptance, I remaine,

*The unfained honourer, and admirer
of your Noble perfections,*

Robert Greene.

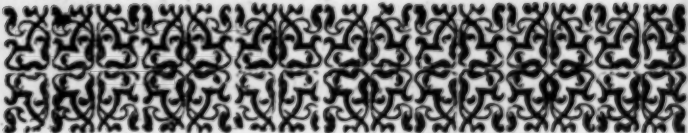
To the Gentlemen Readers, health.

A *Alexander*, whether wearied with *Bucephalus* pace, or desirous
of nouelties, as the nature of man delighteth in change, rode
on a time on *Hephestions* horse, for which being reprehended by one
of his Captaines, he made him this answer : Though all (quoth he)
cannot haue *Bucephalus* courage, yet this is his horse.

So Gentlemen, if some too curious carpe at your curtesie, that
vouchsafe to take a view of this Pamphlet, I hope you wil answer:
Though it be not excellent, yet it is a Booke.

Yours for a greater curtesie,

Robert Greene.



The Contents of this History.

CHAP. I.

HOW *Arbaste* is discovered in his retired life by the traueller.

Chap. 2 *Arbaste* relateth his story and discovereth himselfe.

Chap. 3 *Arbaste* in loue with *Doralicia*. And *Myrania* with *Arbaste*, hauing opportunity to discover the same.

Chap. 4 *Arbaste* and *Myrania* with seuerall contraries for loue, reuerts their complaints.

Chap. 5 *Arbaste* is traiterously surpris'd by *Felorus*, and imprisoned in *Orleanse*, with all his army defeated.

Chap. 6 *Myrania* in loue with *Arbaste*, contriueth his deliuey out of prison by a secret policy.

Chap. 7 *Arbaste* strangely transported with *Doraliciaes* loue, forgetteth *Myraniaes* kindnes, and sendeth couertly to *Doralicia*, who againe deliuereth him.

Chap. 8 After *Myraniaes* death, *Doralicia* relenteth, and sendeth to *Arbaste*, who then hated her as much as hee loued her before.

Chap. 9. *Doralicia* hauing receiued *Arbastoes* vnkind answer, dieth of a frenzy: and *Arbaste* is banished his kingdome.

The



THE HISTORIE of *Arbaslo*, with the Anatomy of *Fortune*.

CHAP. I.

Arbaslo is discovered in his retired life by the Traveller:



After an untoward journey and severall infortunate tempests, besides the unskillfulnesse of our Pilate, I happily arrived at the Citie of Sydon, where being set on shore, I straight with my companions went to offer incense to the goddess of Prosperity, which the Citizens call *Araffe*. Whither being come, my devotion done, and my oblations presented, desired to take a view of the ancient Monuments of the Temple, I passed through many places, where most sumptuous sepulchers were erected: which having scene, as I thought to have gone to my lodging, I spied a Cell, having the doore open: wherunto as I entred, I saw an Archflamin sitting (as I supposed) at his Orizons, soz so was the Priest of the goddess termed, who being clothed in white wattin Robes, and crowned with a Diadem of perfect gold, leaned his head upon his right hand, pouring forth streames of teares, as outward signes of some inward passions, & held in his left hand the counterseit of *Fortune*, which with one foot trode upon a Polype skil, and with the other on a Camelion, as assured badges of her mutabilitie. Whtuen into a dumspe with the sight of this strange deuise, as I long gazed at the unacquainted gesture of this olde Flamin, willing to know both the cause of his care, & what the picture of fortune did import, I was so bold to wake him out of his passion, with this parle.

Father (quoth I) if my presumption bee great in preassing so rashly into so secret and sacred a place: yet I hope, weighing my will, you will somewhat excuse my boldnes, soz I haue not pre-

The History of *Arbasse*,

med as thinking to giue any iust occasion of offence, but as a stranger, desirous to see the Monuments of this ancient Temple, which as I narrowly viewed, happening by chance into this your Cell, and seeing your old age perplexed with strange passions, stande one willing to learn what disaster hath bzinen you into these dumps, which if I without offence may request, and you without prejudice grant, I shall find my selfe by duty bound to requite your vnderseerued curtesie.

After I had vttered these wordes, staying a good space to heare what the olde man would answers, seeing hee did not so much as vouchsafe to giue an eare to my parle, or an eye to my person, but still gazed on the picture of Fortune. I saw a present Metamorphosis of his actions: for from teares hee fell to tripping, from loweing to laughing, from mourning to mirth, yet neuer casting his eyes from Fortunes counterseit, till at last after hee had long smiled (as I thought) at the picture, hee as in despise cast it from him, and taking his Lute, plaid a dumpe, whereto he warbled out these wordes:

VV Hereat erewhile I wept, I laugh,
That which I feard, I now despise.
My victor once, my vassaile is,
My foe constraind, my weale supplies.
Thys doe I triumph on my foe,
I weepe at weale, I laugh at woe.

My care is cur'd, yet hath no end,
Not that I want, but that I haue,
My charge was change, yet still I stay,
I would haue lesse, and yet I craue:
Aye me poore wretch that thus doe liue,
Constraind to take, yet forc't to giue.

Shee whose delights are signes of death,
Who when shee smiles, begins to lowre,
Constant in this, that still shee change,
Her sweetest gifts time proues but sowre,
I liue in care, crost with her guile,
Through her I weepe, at her I smile.

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

The grane Priest hauing with sighes sobbed out this sorrowfull ditty, I was diuinen into a maze what the contrary contents of these verses should meaⁿ?, untill at last casting his eye aside, and seeing me stand so solemaely, he burst forth into these cholerick termes.

Friend, quoth he (if I may so terme thee) thou hast either not heard much, or learned very little, either thy curtesie is small, or thy conditions too currish, that seekest to come to counsell befoze thou be called. If the secrecy of my Cell, or the reuerence of my age, or thy small acquaintance with me, were not sufficient to hold thee from pressing so nigh: yet seeing me thus perplexed, thou mightest (for modesty sake) haue left me to my secret and sorrowfull passions. If it be the custom of thy Country to be so discourteous, I like not the fruit of such a soyle: If thy owne folly to be thus rash, I craue not to be acquainted with such a bold guest: but whether it be or no, as thou comest in without my leane, I wish thee to goe out by iust command.

We had no sooner vttered these words, but hee was ready to take vp the picture, if I had not hindered him with this reply.

Sir where the offence is confessed, there the fault is halfe pardoned, and those facts that are committed by ignorance, alwayes claime remission by course: I grant that I haue bene much too rash, but I repent, and therefore hope you will take the lesse offence, and the sooner excuse my folly: faults committed by will, gaine oft times but a checke, then mine done by ignorance, shall I hope escape without a mate. Penalties are enioyned by the intent moze then by the worke, and things done amisse (saith Tully) euer ought to be measured by the passion, and not by the mere action. Which considered, if my presence hath bene prejudiciall to your reposensse, I hope you will thinke I offended as a stranger, and will pardon me, as one sorry for so rash an enterpryse.

The old man very attentinely hearing my talke, hauing somewhat digested his choller, rising vp from his seat, made mee this friendly answer.

Friend (quoth he) all is not gold that glitters, the smoothest talke hath oft times the smallest truth: the Sunne when it glistereth most bright, breedeth the greatest shadow. The Painter casteth the fairest colour ouer the foulest word, and strangers flatterings are oft times but mere deceits: yet whether thy talke be truth or tales, whether thou comest to note my passions as a spy, or hast by chance hit into my Cell as a stranger, I care not: for if thou enuy me as a foe, I

The History of *Arbasto*,

sence not the spite of Fortune: if thou move at my sudden motions, it shall little amaze thee to heare it, and be a great grieve for me to receive it.

Wife (quoth I) if my credit might be such as without desert to obtaine so much favour, or if the prayer of a poore stranger might persuade you to unfold the cause of these your sudden passions, I should think my former travels counterwailed with this your friendly curtelle.

It is good indeed (quoth he) by other mens harmes to learn to beware: Phœbus had never bene so wary of Vulcane, if Mars his mischance had not bid him take heed; Vlysses had not so wisely eschewed Circes charmes, if he had not scene before his fellows transformed, & perhaps the hearing of my former cares may free thee from ensuing calamity.

I have bene my selfe a Prince, which am now subiect unto power: late a mighty Potentate, & now constrained to live under a servile law: not contented erewhile with a kingly Palace, now sufficiently satisfied with a poore Cell, and yet this present want exceeds my wonted weale. I then had too much in penury, and now I lacke in superfluitie, being cloyed with abundance, yet having nothing, in that my minde remaineth unsatisfied. Fortune, yea Fortune in favouring me, hath made me most infortunate. Spizen-like hiding under musick miserie, under pleasure paine, under mirth mourning, like the sugred Honicombe, which while a man toucheth here is stung with Bees: wher presents faire shapcs, which prove but fading shadowes. She proferreth mountaines, and perhaps keepeth promise, but the gaine of these: golden Mines is losse & misery. None rode on Scianus horse, which got not mishap. None toucht the gods of Tholossa, whom some disaster did not assaile: neither hath any bene advanced by fortune, which in time hath not bene crossed with some haplesse calamitie. I speake this by experience, which I pray the Gods thou never try by proofe: for he onely is to be thought happy, whom the inconstant favour of Fortune hath not made unhappy. The Picture which thou seest here, is the perfect counterfalte of her inconstant conditions, for she like to the Polype Fish, turneth her self into every object, and with the Camellion taketh her whole delight in change, being sure in nothing but in this, that she is not sure at all. Which inconstancy after I had known by too much proofe, I began to arme my self against her gusses, and to count her sauning flattery, and her frownes of no force, not to accept her as a friend, but to despise her as a foe, and in

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

despight of her sained deity, to oppose my selfe against her sickle power, which I haue found the greatest shield to shrowde me from her secret iniuries. I haue left my Palace, and taken me a simple Cell, in the one I found often displeasure, but in the other neuer but contentation. From a Prince of the earth, I am become a Priest to the Gods, seeking onely by this obscure life to please my selfe, and displease Fortune: whose picture when I see, I weep, that I was so fond, as to be subiect to such a seruile Dame, and I laugh, that at last I triumph both ouer mine own affections, & ouer Fortune. Thus friend, since thou hast heard the cause of my care, cease off to enquire farther in the case, passe from my Cell, and leaue me to my passions, for to procure my griefe, and not my gaine, were to offer me double losse. After he had vttered these words, perceiuing by his parle that he was a Prince, I began with moze reuerence to excuse my rashnesse, framing my talke to this effect.

I am sorry (quoth I) if sorrow might be a mends for that which is amisse, that my hasty folly hath offended your highnesse: and that my poore presence hath bene prejudiciall to your princely passions, but since the fault once committed may bee repented, but not reclaimed, I hope your highnesse will pardon my unwitting wilfulnesse, and take, Had I wist, for an excuse of so sudden an offence, which granted, the desire I haue to heare of your strange hap, doth make mee passe manners, in being importunate with your Maiestie, to heare the tragicall chance of this your strange change.

Well (quoth he) since thy desire is such, and time allowes me convenient leisure, sit downe, and thou shalt heare what trust there is to be giuen to inconstant Fortune.

CHAP. 2.

Arbasso relateth his story and discouereth himselfe.

Vntill I warrt weary of my Diademe, I was king of the famous Countrey of Denmarke, wherin, after Bosphorus deceased, (for so was my father called) I raigned in happy prosperitie, conning to the Crowne at the age of one and twentie yeeres, being so honoured of my subjects for my vertue, and soloued for my curtesie, as I did not onely gaine the heartes of them, but also wan the good will of strangers. I could not complaine of lacke, in that my greatest want was none. I feared not the force of soynrain foes, for I knew none but were my faithfull friends, I doubted no misfortune, for I could see

The History of *Arbasto*,

haue feared misery, in that I was so fully panipered vp with felicity. But I proue wretch was not daunted with any dread, because I saw no present danger: I thought the sea being calme, there cou'd come no tempest: that from the cleere ayre could ensue no storme, that quiet ease was not the mother of dissention, and that where Fortune once tuned, in the strings could neuer be found any discord.

But O fond and infortunate Arbasto (so so I may be called:) thou now hast tried, though by haplesse experience, that when Nilus filleth vp his bounds, ensueth a dearth: whē the Angelica is laden with most seed, then he dieth: when musick was heard in the capitol, then the Romans were plagued with pestilence: when Circes proffered most gifts, shee presented most guile, and when Fortune hath depriued thee of most care, then she meanes to vpolone thee in the greatest calamitie. For as thus I safely floated in the seas of securitie, and bathed in the Dreames of blisse, Fortune, thinking at length to giue me the mate, began thus to profer the checke. I had but one onely brother called Tebaldo, whom sorted by nature, I most intirely loued and liked, who sojourned in Fraunce, as one desirous to see the manners of strange Countreies, and to furnish himselfe with all qualities fit for a worthy Gentleman. But on a sudden I happily receiued newes, that he was cowardly without cause slaine in the Court, which so appaled me, as nature most cruelly exclaimed against fortune, in so much, that contrary to the counsell of my Nobles, with a resolute minde, I determined to inuade France, and either to bring the whole Realme to ruine, in reuenge, or else to hazard life & limme in the battel: well, no perswasion being able to vaine me from this settled determination, I caused my ships to be rigged, and with as much speed as might be, sailed into France with a great Raie, where I had no sooner landed my souldiers, but as a professed foe, craving no other recompence for my brothers death but their destruction, I burnt their borders, fired their forts, rased their Townes and Cities to the earth, vsing no mercy but this, that hauing depriued them of their possessions, I also bereaued them of their liues. Pclorus hearing with what violence I had inuaded his land (so so the French king was called) fearing that he was not able to withstand my force; seeing that Fortune so fauoured my enterprise, passed speedily with his whole host vnto Orleans, whither I hasted being not greatly resisted, laying valiantly a strong siege to the Citie, which after I had diuers times assaulted, and so shaken the walles with Cannon shot, that they were force to streng-

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

desperate attempts, conested secretly to conclude a peace: so colour
therefoze this his intent with a falso shadow, he speedily dispatched an
Herald, to intreat a truce fo: thye moneths, which being unhappily
granted, and therefore unhappily because granted, it was lawfull fo:
them of Denmarke peaceably to passe into the Citie, and fo: them of
Orlance quietly to come into our Campe. While thus the truce con-
tinued, I being desirous to take a view of the French Court, accom-
panied with my Nobles, went to Pelorus, who willing to shew his
martiall courage by bling curtesie to his foe, gaue me very sumptuous
and courteous entertainment. But alas such mischiese ensued of this
my fond desire, that death had beene thye moze welcome then such
distresse. Fo: Pelorus had onely two daughters, the eldest called My-
rania, the youngest named Doralicia, so faire and well featured, as
Venus would haue beene iealous if Adonis had lined to see their beau-
ties. But especially louely Doralicia, and therefore moze louely,
because I so intirely loued her: Fo: shee was so beautified with the
gifts of nature, and adozned with moze then earthly perfection, as
she seemed to be framed by nature to blemish nature, and that beauty
had skipt beyond her skill, in framing a peece of such curious wo:ke-
manship, fo: that which in her (respecting her other perfections) was
of no p:ice, would bee counted in others a pearle, her greatest want
would in others be thought a floze, so that if any thing lacked in her,
it was not to be sought fo: in any earthly creature. This Doralicia
being appointed by vniust Fortune to bee the instrument of my fall,
accompanied with her sister Myrania and other Ladies, came into the
Chamber where her father and I was at parle, whose gorgeous p:es-
ence so appaled by senses, that I stood astonished, as if with Perseus
shield I had bene made a senselesse picture. Fo: as the Do:mouse
cannot shut her eyes as long as he lyeth in the beames of the Sunne,
as the Deere cannot cease from braying where the Hearbe Mo-
ly groweth, so could not I but stare on the face of Doralicia, as
long as her beautie was such an heavenly object. Whee narrowly
marking my gazing lokes, straight perceined that I was galled, and
therefoze to shew how lightly shee accounted of my liking, passed out
of the Chamber with a coy and Courtly countenance, but Myrania
as one perceining and pittyping my passions, firmed with her lokes to
say in heart, Arbassto, farewell.

These two Goddesses being gone, feeling my mind somewhat per-
plexed, I toke my leaue of Pelorus, and departed. Comming home
to my Tent, fraught with a thousand togish fancies, I beganne to

The History of *Arbasso*,

conjecture what should bee the cause of these contrary motions, the effect I felt, the occasion I could not finde, applying theretoze a contrary salve to my soze, it did rather increase, than cure the maladie, soz company was a coztasue, not a comfort: and to be solitary, the sinke of all sozrow: soz then strange thoughts, vnacquainted passions, pinching fancies, waking visions, & slumbring watchings, disquieted my head. He thought I saw the counterfai of Doralicia befoze mine eies, then the harmony of her speech sounded in mine eares: her looks, her gestures, yea, all her actions were particularly deciphered by a secret imagination. Trapped thus in a labyrinth of endlesse fancies, when reason could not suppress will, noz wisdom controll affection: I cast my cards, and found by manifest p^{ro}se, that the lunaticke fit which so distempered my bzains, was that frantick passion which soles & Poets call loue, which knowne, blaming my selfe of cowardise, y beauty shold make me bend, I sel at last into these terms.

Why Arbasso, art thou so squemish that thou canst not see Wine, but thou must surfet: canst thou not drinke nge the fire and warme th^{is}: but thou must with Satyrus kisse it and burne thee: art thou so little master of thy affections, that if thou gaze on a picture, thou must with Pigmalion be passionate: canst thou not passe thzough Paphos, but thou must offer incense to Venus? dost thou thinke it iniurie to Cupid to loke, if thou dost not loue? Ah send soele, knowe this, fire is to be vsed, but not to be handled: the Barren floure is to be woyme in the hand, not chawed in the mouth: the p^{re}cious stone Echites to bee applied outwardly, and not to bee taken inwardly: and beautie is made to sed the eye, not to fetter the heart, wilt thou then swallow vp the bait which thou knowest to be bane: wilt thou hazard at that which cannot bee had without harme: no, stretch not too farre, wane not too deepe, vse beautie, but serue it not, shake the tree, but taste not of the fruite, least thou finde it too hard to bee digested. Why: but beautie is a God, and will be obeyed, loue looketh to command, not to be conquered: Iuno stroue but once with Venus, and she was vanquished: Iupiter resisted Cupid, but he went by the worst: it is hard soz th^{is} with the Crabbe to swimme against the streame, o2 with the Salamander to strue against the fire, soz in w^{as}king with a fresh wound, thou shalt but make the soze more dangerous. Yea but what fondnesse is this Arbasso to sc^oth thy selfe in thy folly: Thou didst come a Captaine, and wilt thou retorne a captiue: thy intent was to conquer, not to bee vanquished, to fight with the Launce, not to be foild with loue, to vse thy speare, not thy

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

pen, to challenge Mars, not to dally with Venus. How dost thou thinke to subdue Fraunce, which canst not rule thine owne affections? Art thou able to quail a kingdome, which canst not quell thine owne mind? no, it will be hard for thee to go in triumph, which art not so much as Lord of thy selfe. But Arbasto, if thou wilt needs loue, vse it as a toy to passe away the time, which thou mayest take by at thy lust, and lay do'ne at thine owne pleasure. Loue? why Arbasto, dost thou v'caine, whom shouldst thou loue? Doralicia? what thy foe? one that wisheth thy mishap, and partly prayeth to the Gods, for thy mis-fortune? no sure thou art not so fond.

And with that, as I bittered these wordes, such thoughts, such sighes, such sobs, such teares assailed me, as I was stricken dumbe with the extremitie of these hellish passions, scarce being able to draw my breath for a good space, till at last recovering my senses, I fell to my former sorrow in this sort.

Oes alas Arbasto, it is the lucklesse loue of Doralicia, and therefore the more lucklesse because thou louest Doralicia, that hath thus inchaunted thy affections. She is not thy friend whom thou mayest hope to get, but thy foe, whom thou art sure not to gaine: for dost thou thinke shee will requite thy merit with m'ed, or repay thy loue with liking? no, she hateth thee Arbasto, as sworn Pelorus foe, and her enemy. Can shee loue thee which seeketh her fathers life: nay, but shee loue, yet could she thinke thou dost like, which layest siege to her Citie? no, vnlesse by loue she were blinded with too much loue. With then to fancy thy foe, is with the Cockatrice to peck against the Steele. subdue thy affections, be master of thy mind, vse Will as thy subject: not as thy soveraigne, so mayest thou triumph and laugh at Cupid, saying: Fond boy I was in loue, what then.

I had no sooner sealed up these secret meditations with a sorrowfull sigh, but least being solitary I should fall into farther dumps, I went out of my Tent to passe away the time with some pleasant pastime, thinking this the fittest meanes to draw away idle fancies, hoping that her loue would be soon cold, that the greatest baun was but a blaze, & that the most violent flame was euer least permanent.

CHAP. 2.

Arbasto in loue with Doralicia, and Myrانيا with Arbasto, haue haue opportunitie to discover the same.

But if you would see, you must vnderstand how Loue and Sorrow can play false when they list. I was not so drowned in desires towards Doralicia, as poor Myrانيا burned with affection to

The History of *Arbusto*,

wards me. For Venus willing to shew she was a woman, by her willfull contrarieties, so fiered her fancies with the sojme of my feature, as the poore Lady was perplexed with a thousand sundry passions, one while she sought with hate to rase out loue, but that was with the Deere to ferd against the winde: another while she deuised which way to obtaine her desire: but then alas she heaped coales vpon her head, for she saw no sparke of hope to procure so good hap. Driven thus into sundry dumpes, she fell at last into these termes.

Alas Myrania (quoth she) happy, yea, thrice happy are those maides which are bozne in the Isle Meroe, which in their virginittie are suffered to see none but him whom they shall marry, and being wiues are forbidden by the law to see any man but their husband, vntill they be past fiftie. In this country Myrania, beautie is bled as a naturall gift, not honoured as a supernaturall God, and they loue onely one, because loue cannot force them to like any other: so that they solve their loue in toy, and reape it in pleasure. Would God thou hadst bene bozne in this soyle, or brought vp in the same sort, so shouldst thou haue triumphed ouer beautie as a slaue, which now leadeth thee as a seruile captiue.

O infortunate Myrania, hast thou so little force to withstand fancy, as at the first alarum thou must yeld to affection? canst thou not loke with Salmacis, but thou must loue? canst thou not see with Smylax, but thou must sigh? canst thou not view Narcissus with Eccho, but thou must be vowed to his beautie? Learne, learne fond soles by others mishaps to be ware: for she that loneth in hast, oft times, nay, alwaies repenteth at leisure. The Hippians anointing themselves with the fat of the fish Muga, passe thorow most furious flames without any peril: the people called Psilii, as long as they sacrifice vnto Vesta, can be hurt with no venomous Serpents. Telephus as hee wore the counterfait of Pallas shield, was invulnerable, & thou as long as thy mind is fraught with the chaste thoughts of Diana, canst neuer be fired with the haples flame of Venus: arme thy selfe with reason, and thou maist passe thorow Cytheria without danger: let thy wil and wit be directed with aduised counsell, & thou maist say: Cupid, I desie thee.

Ah Myrania, things are sone promised, but not so quickly performed: it is easie to sound the victorie, but passing hard to obtain the conquest: all can say, I would overcome, but few or none returne with triumph. Beautie is therefore to be obeyed, because it is beauty, and loue to be feared of men, because honored of the Gods. Dare reason abide the byunt, when beautie bids the battell? can wise dome win

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

When she presenteth poison : and so you, in praising our beaustie sicks to spoile our blond : in extolling our perfection, to make vs most imperfect, in wishing openly our weale, secretly to worke our death and destruction. For your seruice you offer vs, wee so much the more mislike it, for his sake that makes the proffer : for we are not so inuigiled with lous, or so sencelesse to conceiue, but that we thinke he little fauoureth the stems, that cutteth downe the old stock, he finally respecteth the twig, that tendereth not the root, & he lightly loueth the child, that deadly hateth the father, Polixena counted Achilles a flatterer, because he continued the siege against Troy, & Cressid forswore Troyus. because he warred against the Grecians, nor can wee count him our priuy friend, which is our open foe.

Why Madame (quoth I) did not Tarpeia fauour Tatius though a foe vnto Rome? did not Scylla respect Mynos though he besieged Nisus?

Truth sir (quoth Myrania) but the gaires they got was perpetual shame and endlesse discredit, for the one was slaine by the Sabyne, the other reiected by Mynos. The yong faunes cannot abide to looke on the Tyger : the Halciones are no sooner hatched but they hate the Eagle. Andromache would neuer trust the faire speeches of Pyrrhus, nor Dydo laugh when shee saw Hiarbas smile : where the partie is knowne to be a professed foe, there suspicious hate ensueth of course : and sond were that person that would thinke well of him, that preferreth poison though in a golden pot.

Madame (quoth I) I know it is hard where mistrust is harboured to infer beliefe, or to procure credit where his truth is called in question : but I wish no better success to happen to my selfe, than in hard I doe imagine to you all, swearing by the gods that I do honor your beauties and vertues so much, that if I had wonne the conquest, and you were my captiues, yet would I honour you as my soueraignes, and obey you as a louing subject.

But I pray God, quoth Madame Veechia, you haue neuer occasson to shew vs such fauour, nor we cause to stand to your curtesie : for I doubt we should finde your glowing heat turned to a chilling cold and your great promises to small performance.

In the mean tyme (and with that she toke Myrania and Doralicia by the hands) wee will leaue you to returne to the Campe, and we will repaire to the Citie. willing to giue you thanks for your good will, when we find you a friend and not before.

Say Madame (quoth I) not so, for construe of my meaning how you please, or accept of my company how you list, I will not bee

The History of *Arbasso*,

discourteous to leaue you so slenderly guided, as in the gard of this little Page. And with that taking Doralicia by the hand, willing not to let slip so good opportunity, I began to Court her in this manner.

The chosse is hard Madame, where the party is compelled either by silence to die with griefe, or by vnfoling his minde, to liue with shame, yet so swæte is the desire of life, and so bitter the passions of loue, that I am enforced to preferre an vnseemely sute, befoze an vntimely death. Loth I am to speak, and in dispaire I am to speed: For considering what loue is, I faint, and thinking how I am counted a foe, I feare. But sigh where loue commandeth, there it is folly to resist, so it is Madame, that intending to be victor, I become a vassall, comming to conquer, I am caught a captiue, seeking to bring other into thzall, I haue lost mine owne libertie. Your heauenly beauty hath brought me into bondage, your exquisite perfection hath snared my freedom, your vertuous qualities haue subdued my minde, and onely your curtesie may free me from care. or your crueltie crosse me with calamitie. To recount the sorowes I haue sustained since I first was inuicigled with thy beauty, or the seruice I haue bowed vnto thy vertue, since thou doest count by talke, though neuer so true, but meere toyes, were rather to breed in thee an admiration then a beleefe. But this I added for the time, which the end shall try for a truth, that so faithfull is my affection, and so loyall is my loue, that if thou take not pittie of my passions, either my life shall be too short, or my misery too long.

Doralicia hearing attentinely my talke, oft times changed her colour, as one in great choller, being so inflamed with a melancholike kinde of hate, as shee was not of a long time able to vtter one word, yet at last with a face full of fury, shee burst forth into these despiightfull termes.

Why Arbasso (quoth shee) art thou of late become franticke, or dost thou thinke me in a frenzy: hast thou bene bitten with the serpent Amphisbena which procureth madnes, or dost thou suppose me caught with some lunaticke fits, for thy speech makes me thinke, euer thou art troubled with the one, or that thou counts me combred with the other: if this thy popsoned parle were in iest, it was too broad, weying the case; if in earnest, too bad considering the person: or to talke of peace amidst the pikes, sheweth either a coward, or a counterfait: & to sue for loue by hate, either frenzy or folly. It is a mad Ware (Arbasso) that will be caught with a Taber, a greedy fish

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

that commeth to a bare hooke, a blind Gole that runneth to the For-
es sermon, and she a louing sole that stoopeth to her enemies lure. No,
no, thinke mee not so fond, or at least hope not to find me so foolish, as
with Phryne to sanctie Cecrops, with Harpalice to like Archemerus,
with Scilla to loue Mynos, with carelesse Pinions so farre to forget
my honoꝝ, my honesty, my parents, and my Country, as to loue, nay
not deadly to hate him which is a foe to the least of these: so expe-
rience teacheth me, that the fairer the stone is in the Loades head, the
moze pestilent is the poyson in her bowels, the brightier the Serpents
scales be, the moze infectious is her breath; and the talke of an enemy,
the moze it is seasoned with delight, the moze it sauereth of despight,
cease then to secke soz lous, where thou shalt finde nothing but hate,
so assure thy selfe, if thou didst fancy as faithfully, as thou doest flat-
ter falsly, yet the guerdon for thy loue should bee onely this, that I
will pay incessantly to the Gods, in thy life to pester thee with earth-
ly toyments, and after death to plague thee with hellish tozures.

Although these bitter blastes of Doralicia, had bene a sufficient
cooling carde to quench fond affection, yet as the water causeth the sea-
coale to burne moze freshly, so her despightfull termes farre moze in-
flamed my desire, that I made her this friendly reply.

Alas (Madame) weigh my case with equitie: if you hate me, as I
am foe to Pelorus, yet saue me as I am friend to Doralicia. If you
loath mee as a conquerour of your countrey, yet pittie mee as I am a
captine to your beantie. If you boughsase not to listen to the lure of
your enemy, yet heare the passionate complaints of a perplered lo-
uer, who leading others in triumph, yet himselfe liueth in most hap-
lesse seruitude.

If I haue done amisse Doralicia, I will make amends: if I haue
committed a fault, I will both requite it, and recompence it: as I
haue bene thy fathers foe, so I will be his faithfull friend, as I haue
sought his bale, I will procure his blisse: yea, I will goe against the
haire in all things, so I may please thee in any thing.

But as I was about to make a longer discourse, shee cut me off in
this wise.

In faith sir (quoth shee) so well doe I like you, that you cannot
moze displease mee, then in seeking to please mee: so if I knew no o-
ther cause to hate thee, yet this would suffice, that I cannot but dis-
like thee: be therefore my fathers friend, or his foe, like him, or hate
him, yet this assure thy selfe that I will neuer loue thee. And with
that shee slung from me in a great chafe. Reply I could not, so by this

The History of *Arbasso*,

Wee were come to the gates of the Citie, where (though unwilling) I took my leave of them in this sort.

I am sorry Ladies that such is my lucke, and so unhappie is my lot, that in offering my selfe a companion, I haue greatly offended you with my company: yet sith I cannot strue against chance, I thinke my selfe happy that Fortune hath honoured me with the fruition of your presence, hoping when time shall try my words no tales but truth, you will at last make me amends wth erplug peccau: in the meane while I commit you to the tuition of the Gods, praying Fortune rather to plague me with all mishap, then to crosse you with any mischance.

She thanks I had for this my friendly curtesie, was a coy disdainfull looke of Doralicia, and a churlish bale of the old trot Vecchia, but Myrania (as one stung with the p^{icke} of fancy) bad me farewell, with a moze curious gloze.

If sir (quoth she) the secret intent of your friendship, had bene agreeable to the outward manner of your curtesie: wee had ere this yeelded you great thanks for your company: but sith you gr^{at} vs with a Iudas kisse, wee thinke wee haue small cause to gratifie you for your kindnes: notwithstanding, least you should accuse vs wholly of discourtesie, we say, we thanke you, whatsoener we thinke, and with that she cast on me such a louing looke, as she seemed to play loth to depart.

CHAP. 4.

Arbasso and *Myrania* with seuerall coniectures for loue,
renewed their complaints.

They now returning to the Court, and I retizing to the Campe, feeling my selfe deeply perplexed, yet as much as I could dissembled my passions, willing in lone not to bee counted a louer, iesting therefore with Egerio, I thus began to draw him on.

How now Egerio, hath not the beauty of these faire Ladies, brought you from your sond heresie? will you not bee content for blaspheming Lone, in pennance to carry a burning faggot before Cupid? me thought your eyes were gazing, wheresoener your heart was gabbing: but tell mee in good troth, is not Doralicia woorthy to bee loued?

Yes sir (quoth he) if she were not Doralicia, for as shee is beaustall, she is to be liked of all, but as she is Pelorus daughter, not to

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

extream discourtesie diminish my affection. As Doralicia, I am not he that will leaue the sweet Englantine because it prickes my finger, and refuse the gold in the fire because it burnt my hand, so the minde of a faithfull louer, is neither to be daunted with despight, nor affrighted with danger: but as the Loadstone, what winde soener doth blowe, turneth alwayes to the South, so the loue of Arbasto is euer more bent to the beautie and vertue of Doralicia, whatsoeuer misfortune happeneth. Yea, it saith with me as with the herbe Basil, the which the more it is crushed, the sooner it springeth, or the pur spice, which the more it is pounded, the sweeter it smelleth, or the Camomill, which the more it is troden with the sate, the more it flourisheth: so in these extremities, beaten downe to the ground with disdain, yet my loue reacheth to the top of the house with hope. With then Doralicia, thy beauty hath made the soze, let thy bounty apply the salve, as thy vertue hath caused my maladie, so let thy mercurius the medicine, repay not my constancy with crueltie, requite not my loue with hate, and my desire with despight, least thou procure my speedy death, and thy endlesse infamy. Thus hoping thou wilt haue some remozie of my passions, I attend thy friendly sentence, and my satall desiring.

Thine euer, though neuer thine, *Arbasto.*

As soone as I had written my Letter, I dispatcht the Messenger as speedily and princely as might be, who within the space of thre weekes arrived at Orleans, where deliuering his Ambassage to Pelorus, and my Letter to Doralicia, he stayed for an answer the space of tenne dayes, in which time, Pelorus consulting with his Council was very willing to grant me his daughter in marriage, but that by no means he could winne the good will of Doralicia, seeing therefore no perswasions could preuaile, he dispatcht my messenger with deniall, and Doralicia returned me this froward answer.

Doralicia to Arbasto.

Where dost thou learne sond soles, that being forbidden to be bold, thou shouldest grow impudent: that willed to leaue of thy sute, yet thou shouldest bee importunate: dost thou thinke with the Spaniell, by sawning when thou art beaten, to make thy foe, thy friend: no, let others deeme of thee what they list, I will count thee

The History of *Arbasso*,

er. Dost thou thinke I will be drawne by thy counterfeit conceits, as the straw by the Jet, or as the gold by the minerall Chrysocolle? No, no, if thou seekst to obtaine fauour at my hands, thou doest striue to wring water out of the Pumice, and dost work the means to increase thine owne shame and seueritie: for as by instinct of nature, there is a secret hate, betwene the Vine and the Cabbish, betwene the Bore and the Sow, and betwene the pson and the Thea- nides, so in my minde I feele a secret grudge betwene *Arbasso* and *Doralicia*: cease then to gape for that thou shalt neuer get, and take this both for a warning and an answer: For if thou persecute thy hate, thou dost but persecute thy selfe, seeing I am neither to be wooed with thy passions whilest thou liuest, nor to repent me of my rigour when thou art dead. For I sweare, that I will neuer consent to loue him, whose sight (if I may say with modesty) is moze bitter vnto me than death. Short I am though sharpe, for I loue not to flatter, take this therefore for thy farewell, that I liue to hate thee.

Willing after death, if it could be,
thy foe, *Doralicia*,

After that the Messenger was returned to Denmarke, and that I had receiued and read the Letter, such sundry thoughts assailed me, that I became almost franticke: seare, despaire, griefe, hate, choller, wraith, desire of reuenge, & what not, so tormented my mind, that I fell to raging against the Gods, to railing at *Doralicia*, and to cursing of all womankind, conceiuing such an extreme hate against her, as before I loved her not so heartily, as now I loathed her hatefully, counting my selfe an vngate wretch toward *Myrania*, and calling to minde her beautie and vertue, her bounty and curtesie, I fell moze deeply in loue with her, than ever with *Doralicia*, so that I could not spare one glance from gazing vpon her person, nor draw my minde from musing on her perfection. But a sudden change, alas a wretched chance.

Myrania perceiuing me souled in these sorrowfull dumps, began straight without asking any water, to coniecture my disease, and to shew at that, which indeed she hit without any great ayne. But as bue is most suspicious, so she began to doubt the worst, fearing that as yet the beautie of *Doralicia* was not blotted out of my minde, searching therefore narrowly what she could either heare or learne of my secrets, at last she found out that which wrought her finall mis-
11

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

and my fatall misery. For by lucklesse chance, leauing the doore of my closet open, Myrania thinking to finde me at my Spuses, stumbled on the coppie of my Letter, which I sent to Doralicia, and vpon the answer which I receiued from that ruthlesse Spinion. which after shee had read, perceiuing how traiterously I had requited her loue with hate, shee conueyed her selfe couertly into her Chamber, where, after shee had almost dimmed her sight with floods of teares, and burst her heart with blowing sighs, shee fell into these complaints.

O infortunate Myrania, O haplesse Myrania, yea, O thrice accursed Myrania, whom Fortune by spight seeketh to foule, whom the destinies by fate are appointed to plague, and whom the gods by iustice will and must most cruelly reuenge. Thou hast beene a paricide to thy father, in seeking to destroy him by thy disobedience: thou art a traitor to thy Countrey, in sauing the enemy of the Common-wealth, & thou art a foe to nature, in louing disloyall Arbaslo: & can the Gods but plague these monstrous iniuries? No, no Myrania, thou hast deserved more mishap then either Fortune can, or will affoord thee. Ah cruell and accursed Arbaslo, I see now that it fareth with thee, as with the Panther, which hauing made one astonished with his faire sight, seeketh to denoure him with bloody pursue, & with me worse wench, as it doth with them that view the Basiliske, whose eyes procure delight to the looker at the first glimpse, but death at the second glance. Alas, was there none to like but thy foe: none to loue but Arbaslo: none to fancy but a pertured Dane: none to match with but a flattering mate. Now hath thy lawlesse loue gained a lucklesse end: now thou triest by experience, that the tree Alpina is smooth to bee touched, but bitter to bee tasted: that the fairest Serpent is most infectious, the finest colour soonest stained, the cleereest glass most brittle, and that louers, though they beare a delicate shew, yet they haue a deceitfull substance: that if they haue hony in their mouthes, yet they haue gall in their hearts: the more is the pittie, in thee to trust without tryall, and the greater impietie for him to be a traytor, being so well tasted.

Is this this the curtesie of Denmarke towards friends, to intreat them so dispitefull? Is my god wil not only reiected without cause, but also disdained without colour? Alas what shall I doe to this extremity, being a forlorne wretch, in a forraine Countrey: which way shall I turne me, of whom shall I seeke remedy? Pelorus will reiect me, and why should he not? Arbaslo hath reiected me, and why should hee: the one I haue offended with too much griefe, the other I haue

The History of *Arbasso*,

serued with too great good will: the one is lost with loue, the other with hate: Pelorus, because I cared not for him: Arbasso, because I cared for him, but alas too much. And with that she fetcht such a sigh, as witnessed a heart pained with most intolerable passions, yea care and griefe so fiercely and freshly assaulted her, as she fell into a feuer, refusing all sustenance, wishing and calling for nothing but death.

While shee thus pined away with griefe, I thought to search out her soze, but I could not perceiue the cause of her sorrow, only I did coniecture this, that she doubted my Nobles would not consent to our marriage: to rid her therfore of this care, I presently called a Parliament, where without any great controuersie it was concluded.

This newes being come to the eares of Myrania, it no whit decreased her dolor, but did rather far the more augment her distresse, which made Egerio to muse, and vjane me into a great maze: so that accompanied with my Nobles, I went to comfort her, and to carry her newes, that if shee could but come into the Chamber of her presence, she should there be crowned Queen. But alas, when I came & saw her so altered in one weeke, wasted to the hard bones, more like a ghost than a liuing creature, I began thus to comfort her.

Oh Myrania quoth I) more loued of me than mine owne life, and more deare vnto mee than my selfe, would God I might be plagued with all earthly diseases, so I might see thee free from distresse: how can Arbasso be without sorrow to see Myrania oppressed with sicknesse? how can he but sinke in calamitie, to see her but once toucht with care? alas, vnfold vnto me thy soze, and I will apply the salue, make me priuie to thy malady, & I will procure a medicine: If want of wealth worke thy wor, thou hast the kingdome of Denmark to dispose at thy pleasure: if absence from friends, thou hast such a friend of thy louing spouse Arbasso, as death it selfe shall neuer dissolue our loue.

I had no sooner vttered this word, but Myrania, as one possessed with some hellish fury, start vp in her bed, with staring lookes, and wrathfull countenance, seeming by her raging gestures to be in a frenzy: but being kept downe by her Ladies, shee roared out these hatefull curses.

Wile wretches (quoth she) will you not suffer me in my life to reuenge my selfe on that periured traytoz Arbasso, yet shall you not deny mee but after death my ghost shall torment him with gallie visions. O thysce accursed caitsie, dost thou seeme to helpe mee with thy scabbard, and secretly hurt me with thy sword: dost thou offer me honey openly, and piously present mee with gall: dost thou say thou

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

lone expecting some good hap, and *I* alas both lone and lone without all hope, for *Arbasso* is my foe, and yet if he were my friend, he liketh not me, he looketh onely vpon *Doralicia*. With then *Myrania* thou art pinched, & hast none to pittie thy passions, dissemble thy loue, though it shorten thy life: for better it were to dye with griefe, than live with shame. The sponge is full of water, yet it is not sene. The lease of the tree *Alpina* though it be wet, looketh alwayes dry, & a wise louer be she neuer so much tormented, behaueth her self as though she were not touched. Wea, but fire cannot bee hidden in the flar without smoake, nor musicke in the bosome without smell, nor loue in the breast without suspicion. Why then seeke some meanes to manifest thy loue to *Arbasso*: for as the stone *Draconites* can by no meanes be polished, vnesse the *Lapidarie* burne it, so thy minde can by no medicine be cured, vnesse *Arbasso* ease it: alas *Arbasso* swet *Arbasso*, And with that she fetcht such a groaning sigh, that one of her maides came into the chamber, who by her presence putting her from her passions, late so long by, till tyred with drouisie thoughts shee fell into a slumber.

Fortune crowning thus vpon her, and fauning vpon mee, *I* set my fote on the fairest sands, although at last *I* found them most fickle, thinking *I* must needs tread the measures right, when *Fortune* piped the dounce, but though *I* thew at all, yet my chance was hard, for *Pelorus* triffing for truce, pretended treason: making a shew of feare, sought subtilly how to ouerthrow me by deceit, saying, in ruling of Empires there is required as great policie as prouesse, in ingouerning an estate, close crueltie doth more good than open clemencie: for the obtaining of a kingdome, as well mischief. as mercy is to be practised: that better he were to commit an inconvenience in breaking his oath, than suffer a mischief by keeping his promise: setting dolone the staffe therfore on this secure petrinie, thus it fell out.

CHAP. 5.

Arbasso is traiterously surprisid by *Pelorus*, and imprisoned in Orleans, with all his army defeated.

After two or three daies were passed, accompanied onely with *Egerio*, & a few of my guard, *I* went to Orleans, determining both to conclude a peace, and to demand *Doralicia* in marriage: where no sooner arrived, and entred in at the gates of the City, but *I* found *Pelorus* and all his men in Armes, which sight so appalet

The History of *Arbasso*,

my senses, that I stood as one trans-formed, fearing that which presently I found true: for Pelorus having his force inflamed with furious choller, commanded his Captaines to lay hold on me, and to carry me to close prison, swearing that no lesse than the loss of life should mitigate his furie.

And raging in this choller, after he had lodged me up in Lynbo, he went with all his army to the Campe, where finding my souldiers secure, as men little doubting of such misfortune, he made such a monstrous and mercurie slaughter, as of fiftie thousand he left few a iue, those which remained he plagued with all kind of flatterie: returning whom with his shamelesse triumph, he commanded that in the midst of the Citie there should be made a great scaffold, whereupon within tenne daies I should be executed: these heauie and haplesse newes being come to mine eares, such sorrowfull passions perplexed my mind, as after floods of brinish teares, I burst forth into these bitter termes.

Unfortunate Arbasso (quoth I) art thou not worthy of this miserie, which wilfully sought thine owne miserie: canst thou accuse the Gods, which didst strue against the Gods: canst thou condemne Fortune, which hast warred against nature and Fortune: No, no, in suffering reason to yeeld vnto appetite, wisdome vnto will, and wit vnto affection, thou hast procured thine owne death, and thy souldiers destruction. Loue, yea, loue it is that hath procured thy losse, beautie that hath bred thy bale: fancie hath given thee the foyle, and thine owne witlesse will hath wrought thy oyle: the more is thy pain, and the lesse thou art to be pittied: was there none to like but Doralicia? none to chuse but thy foe? none to loue but thine enemy? O vile wretch fraught with carelesse folly.

And with that, as I was ready to exclaime against my cursed destiny, I heard the prison doore open, where I saw presently to enter, Myrania, Doralicia, and Padaine Vecchia, who seeing me sit in such sorrowfull dumps, began to smile at my dolor, and to laugh at my mishap, which wilfully thrust my selfe into such miserie, thinking therfore to aggravate my griefe by rubbing afresh my sores, Doralicia began to gall me on this sort.

Hearing Arbasso (quoth she) that you were come to prosecute your iute playing the good Captaine, that for the first foyle giueth not over the field, I thought good to giue you a smiling looke, in recompence of your flattering loue, least if I should not be so courteous to so kinde a Gentleman, the world should account me ingratefull.

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

It is truth sister (quoth Myrania) it seemes hee is a passing amorous louer: but it is pittie he hath very ill lucke: he choseth his chaffer wel, but yet is an vnskillfull chapman, so; if he buy at such an vnreasonable rate, he is like to liue by the losse.

Luth (Madame Vecchia) he playeth like the Dragon, who sucking bloud out of the Elephant, killeth him, and with the same porponeth her selfe: so Arbasto, seeking to betray others, is himselfe taken in the trap: a iust reward so; so vniust dealing and a fit reuenge so; so wretchedlesse an enemy.

And yet (quoth Doralicia) his purpose hath taken small place: so; whatsoener his minde was, his malice hath wanted might, wherein he resembleth the Serpent Porphirus, who is full of poyson, but being toothlesse, hurteth none but himselfe. Surely whatsoener his chance be, hee hath made a very good choice: so; he preferreth swete loue before bitter death, and the hope of euertlasting fame, before the feare of momentary misfortune: hee shall now so; his constancy bee canonized in Denmarke so; a saint, and his subjects may boast and say, that Arbasto our king died so; loue.

Egerio seeing that extremity of griefe would not suffer me to utter one word, not able any longer to abide these scrumps, cross her with this chollericke reply.

Gentlewoman (quoth he) although I so terme you, rather to shew mine own curtesie, than to decipher your conditions, it seemeth nature hath taught you very few manners, or nature afforded very small modesty, that seeing one in distresse, you should laugh at his dolor, and where the partie is crossed with mishap, you would with bitter taunts increase his misery: if he be your foe, hee hath now the soyle, he is taken in the snare, his life hangeth in the ballance.

Though your father bee without pietie, yet in that you are a woman, be not without pittie. Hate him if you please as he is your enemy, but despise him not as hee is Arbasto, a king, and your haplesse louer: wee are captiues, not to a worthy conquerour, but to a wretched catife: not vanquished by prowess, but by perjury, not by sight, but by falshood: who in our lines, to thy fathers losse, woun continuall fame, and he by our deaths shall purchase perpetuall infamy.

Doralicia not willing to suffer him waue any farther, cut him short in this manner.

Sir, if bagges could stand so; paiement, I am sure you would not die in any mans debt: but if your promise had beene as good as your practise, you needed not haue daunted within so; short a tedious crance

The History of *Arbasso*,

Cocks crow lowdest, fearful curs barke most, and a hartlesse coward hath alwaies moze tongue then a haughty Captaine. But I beare with you, for I doubt the feare of death and danger, hath driuen thy master into a cold palae, and hath made thee either scanticke or lunaticke, the one shewing his melancholly, the other bewraying thy choller, willing therefore as a friend you should passe ouer your passions with moze patience, we will leaue you as we found you vnkisse you meane to be shynen, & then I will send you a ghastly father.

Our confession good mistresse (quoth Egerio) requires but a small shift: for we haue very little to say, but that *Arbasso* repents that euer hee loued such a peruerse minion, and I that euer trusted such a periured traytor.

The Gentlewomen take this for a farewell, passing merily to the Palace, and leaning vs sitting sorrowfully in the prison, bewailing our mishap with teares, and exclaiming against Fortune with bitter curses, what our complaints were it little auaieth to rehearse: for it would but drine thee into dumps, and redouble my dolor. Suffice this that we were so long tormented with care, that at last we were past cure, counting this our greatest calamitie, that lining, euer y^e hour we lookt to die.

But as thus wee were drowned in distresse: so poore Myrania had her minde doubtfully perplexed. Nature claimed by one to haue the preheminence, and lone fought by force to winne the supremacy. Nature brought in Pelorus aged haire to make the challenge, and Lone presented *Arbassoes* sweet face to be the Champion: tossed thus with two contrarie tempests, at last she began to plead with her passions.

Oh thrice infortunate Myrania, what strange fits bee these that burne thee with heate, and yet thou shakest with cold: the body in a shivering sweat and in a flaming Ice, melting as ware, and yet as hard as the Adamant: is it lone? then would it were death for likelier it is thou shall lose thy life, than winne thy lone.

Oh haplesse *Arbasso*, would to God thy vertues were lesse than thy beauty, or my vertues greater then my affections: so should I either quickly free my selfe from fancie, or be lesse subiect vnto folly.

But alas I seele in my mind fierce skirmishes betweene reason and appetite, lone and wisdom, danger and desire, the one perswading to hate *Arbasso* as a foe, the other constraining to loue him as a friend: If I consent to the first, I end my daies with death, if to the last, I shall lead my life with infamy. What shall I then do? Oh Myrania, either swallow the ioyce of Spandake, which may cast thee in

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

to a dead sleepe, or chew the hearb Carysum, which may cause thee to hate euery thing, so either shalt thou die in thy slumber, or dislike Arbaslo by thy potion.

Thus poore wench, what follics be these? wilt thou with the Wolfe barke at the shone, or with the young Giphons, pecke against the starres? Doeest thou thinke to quench fire with a sword: or with affection to mortific loue?

No, no, if thou bee wise suffer not the grasse to bee cut from vnder thy feet, strike while the yron is hott, make thy market while the chaffer is to sale.

Now Arbaslo is thine owne, now thou maist winne him by loue, and weare him by law: thou maist free him from miserie without thy Fathers mishap: thou maist saue his life without thy Fathers losse: thou maist grant thy good will vnto loue, and yet not falsifie thy faith vnto nature.

Can Arbaslo which is so courteous, become so cruell, but he will requite thy loue with loyaltie, thy faithfull fancy, with unfained affection?

No, no, he will and must loue thee of force, since thou hast granted him his life of free will: hee will like thee in thy youth, and honour thee in thine age: he will be the port of prosperitie wherein thou maist rest, and the haven of happinesse, wherein thou maist harbour with out harme: so that thou maist say of him, as Andromache said by Hector, *Tu Dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eris.*

Yea but Myrania, yet looke befoze thou leape, and learne by other mens harmes to beuare, Ariadne loued Theseus, freed from him the monstrous Mynotaure, taught him to passe the Labyrinth, yea forsooke Parents and Countrey for his cause, and yet the guerdon he gaue her for her good will, was to leaue her a desolate wretch in a desert wilbernesse.

Medea and Iason from the danger of the Dragons, and yet shee found him trothlesse: Phillis harbozed Demophon, and Dydo, Eneas, yet both repayed their loue with hate.

Thus the fairest flower hath not the best sent: the Lapidaries chos not the stone by the outward colour, but by the secret vertue: Paris was faire, yet false: Thistles was beautifull, but deceitfull, Vulcan was carued in white Iuoy, yet a Smith.

The precious stone of Masaulous sepulcher, could not make the dead carcasle swart. Beautie Myrania is not allwayes accompanied with vertue, honestie and constancie: but oft times fraught with

The History of *Arbasso*,

ple, and perjury. What then? if some were Traytors, shall *Arbasso* be trothlesse? if some were false, shall he be faithlesse? no, his beauty & vertue hath won me: and he himselfe shall weare me: I will forsake Father, friends, and Country, for his cause: yea, I will venture am and life to see him from danger, in despite of forward Fortune, and the destinies.

CHAP. 6.

Myrania in loue with *Arbasso*, contriueth his deliuey out of prison by a secret policy.

M*Yrania* being thus resolute in her opinion, began to cast beyond the Stone, and to frame a thousand deuises in her head to bring her purpose to passe, fearing euery shadow, doubting euery wind, stumbling at the least straw, yet at the last pricked forward by fancy, she thought to prevent all cause of feare in this wise.

The euening before she meant to atchieue her enterprize, she secretly sent for the Taylor by one of her maids, to whom she durst commit her secret affaires, who being taught by her mistresse to play her part cunningly, brought the Taylor into *Myranias* chamber by a posterne gate, so that they were neither seene nor suspected of any: where hee no sooner came, but hee was courteously entertained of the young Ladie, who faining that she had to debate with him of weightie affaires, called him into her closet, where treading vpon a false boord, he fell vp to the shoulders, not being able to helpe himselfe, but that he there ended his life.

Myrania hauing desperately atchieued this deed, shee strait sought not to rob him of his copie, but to bereaue him of his keyes, which after she had gotten, and conueyed his carcasse into a secret place, she went in her night gone, accompanied onely with her maid to the prison.

Arbasso and *Egerio* hearing the doores open at such an vnaccustomed houre, began straight to coniecture, that *Pelorus* sought to murder them secretly, least his owne people should accuse him of cruelty: but as they looked to haue seene the Taylor, they spied *Myrania* in her night gone: which sudden and vnlooked for sight so appaled their senses, as they were diuened into a maze, till *Myrania* wakened them from their dumps with this sugred harmony.

I percieue *Arbasso*, that my presence both make thee to mize and my sudden arrivall hath diuened thee into a maze: what strange thing

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

the field, when loue is Captaine? No, no, loue is without law, and therfore aboue all law, honoured in heauen, feared in earth, and a very terroz to the infernall Ghostes.

Now then vnto that Myrania, whereunto lawlesse necessity doth bend, be not so fond, as with Xerxes to bind the Ocean sea in fetters: fight not with the Rascians against the winde: seeke not with them of Scyrus, to shoot against the stars: contend not with Niobe against Latona, nor striue not with Sapho against Venus, for loue being a Lord lookes to command by power, and to be obeyed by force.

Trueth Myrania, but what then, to loue is easie, and perhaps good, but to like well is hard and a doubtfull chance: fancy thy fill (fond soule) so thou bend not thy affection to thy fathers foe: for to loue him who seekes his life, is to war against nature & Fortune. Is there none worthy to bee thy sphere but Arbasto, the cursed enemy of thy country: can none win thy good will, but the bloudy wretch, who seeketh to breed thy Fathers bane? Can the Eagle & the bird Osphage build in one tree: wil the Faulken & the Dove, couet to sit on one perch: wil the Ape & the Beare be tied in one tedder: wil the Fox & the lamb lye in one den: no, they want reason, & yet nature suffers them not to liue against nature: wilt thou then be so wilful or witlesse, as hauing reason to guide nature, yet to be moze vnnaturall then vnreasonable creatures: be sure if thou fall in this, thou striu'st against the Gods, and in struing with them, looke for a most sharpe reuenge.

Thus I know this, but hath not loue set downe his sentence, & shal I appeale from his censure: shal I deny that which the destinies haue decreed: no, for though Cydippa rebelled for a time, yet she was forst at last to make suit to Venus for a pardon, & I may seeke to hate Arbasto, but neuer finde where to begin to mislike him. And with that, such fiery passions oppressed her, as shee was faine to send forth scalding sighs, somewhat to ease her enflamed fancy, which being sorrowfully sobbed forth, shee had begun afresh to powre forth her pitifull complaints, if her sister Doralicia, being accompanied with other gentlewomen, had not driuen her out of these dumps, whom shee no sooner spied, but leauing her passions, shee wared pleasant, couering care with conceits, and a mourning heart with a merry countenance, leaue her sorrowfull looks, might giue the company occasion to coniecture somewhat was amisse. But alas, which felt the furious flames of fancie to broyle incessantly within my breast, could not so cunningly disguise my passions, but all my Peers saw I was perplexed: for whereas before this sudden chaunce, Pelorus misfortune

The History of *Arbaslo*,

procured my mirth, now the soile which I reaped by affection dzane me to a deeper misery. In the day I spent the time in solitary dumps, in the night afflicted thoughts and visions suffered me scarce to slumber: for alas there is no greater enemy to the minde, than in loue to liue without hope, which doubt was the sum of my endlesse sorrow, that in seeing my selfe fettered, I could see no hope at all of my freedom: yet to mitigate my misery, I thought to walke from the Campe toward the Citie, that I might at the least feed my eye with the sight of the place wherein the Mistresse of my heart was harboured, taking with me onely for company a Duke of my Countrey called Egerio, vnto whom I durst best commit my secret affaires, who noting my vnaccustomed passions, coniecturing the cause of my care by the outward effects, conetuing carefully to apply a salue to my soze, and to dzine me from such dzowlesse thoughts, awakened me from my dumps with this pleasant deuice.

Sir (quoth hee) I haue often marvelled, and yet cannot cease to muse at the madnesse of those men, whom the common people thinke to honoꝝ with the glozious title of loners, who when rashly they purchase their owne mishap in placing their affection, where either their disability, or the destinies deny successe to their suites, do either passe their daies in endlesse dolor, or pꝛeuent miserie by vntimely death. If these passionate patients listned a little to Venus allugements, as I to Cupids flatteries, few men should haue cause to call the Gods vniust, or women cruell, for I think of loue as Mylciades the Athenian did, who was wont to say, that of all the plagues wherewith the gods did afflict mortal men, loue was the greatest, in that they sought that as an heauenly blisse, which at last they found their fatall bane.

Hearing Egerio thus cunningly and covertly to touch mee at the quicke, I thought to dally with him in this wise.

Why Egerio, doest thou count it a madnesse to loue, or doest thou think him rash which yeeldeth vnto affection? knowest thou not that loue is diuine, and therefore commandeth by power, and cannot be resisted? I am not of that mind with Mylciades, that loue is a plague, but rather I thinke he is fauoured of the gods that is a happy lover.

Truth (quoth hee) but who is happy in loue? hee that hath the happiest successe? no, for I count him most vnhappy which in loue is most happy.

Why then Egerio (quoth I) thou thinkest him vnhappy that hee loueth.

Or else may it please your highnesse (quoth he) I should thinke

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

Amisse: for shall I count him fortunate which for one dram of prosperity, reapeeth a whole pound of misery: or shall I esteeme that louer happy, whose greatest gaine is but golden griefe: nay that is neuer to be called pleasure, which is sauced with paine, nor that good lucke whose guerdon is losse.

With Egerio (quoth I) thou dost thus broadly blaspheme against Cupid, tell me why thou thinkest ill of loue.

Because sir (quoth hee) it is loue, being such a frenzy which so infecteth the mindes of men, as vnder the taste of Nectar, they are poisoned with the water of Scir. for as hee which was charmed by Lara, sought still to heare her enchantment, or as the Wre after once hee brouseth on the Tamariske tree, will not be diuen away till hee dyeth: so our amorous louers haue their senselesse senses so besotted with the power of this lasciuious God, that they count not themselves happy, but in their supposed unhappinesse, being at most ease in disquiet, at greatest rest when they are most troubled, seeking contentation in care, delight in misery, and hunting greedily after that, which alwayes bringeth endlesse harme.

This is but your sentence Egerio (quoth I) but what reason haue you to confirme your censure?

Such (quoth he) as your highnesse can neither dislike nor infringe: for the first step to loue is the losse of libertie, tying the minde to the will of her, who either too curious, little respecteth his fate, or too coy, smally regardeth his seruice, yet hee is so blinded with a baile of fond affection, that hee counteth her sullenesse sobernesse, her vaine charmes, vertuous chastitie: if she be wanton, hee counteth her witty, if too familiar, courteous: so besotted with the drugs of dating loue, that every fault is vertue, and though euery string be out of tune, yet the musick cannot be found amisse: resembling Tamantus the Painter, who shadowed the woest pictures with the freshest colours.

The paines that Louers take for hunting after losse, if their mindes were not charmed with some secret enchantment, were able either to keepe their fancies from being inflamed, or else to cole desire being already kindled: for the dayes are spent in thoughts, the nights in dreames, both in danger, either beguiling vs of that wee had, or promising vs that we haue not. The head fraught with fancies, fiered with zeale, troubled with both: yea so many inconueniences waite vpon loue, as to reckon them all were infinite, & to taste but one of them intolerable, being alwayes begun with griefe, continued with sorrow, and ended with death: for it is a paine shadowed

The History of *Abasso*,

with pleasure, and a ioy stuffed with misery: so that I conclude, that as none euer saw the Altars of Basyris without sorrow, no^r banqueted with Pholus without sursetting: so as impossible it is to deale with Cupid, and not incurre either speedy death, o^r endlesse danger.

As I was ready to reply to Egerios reasons, drawing to a small thicket of trees, which was hard adioyning to the City, I spied where some of the French Dames were friendly sitting about a clere fountain, of whom after I had taken a narrow view, easily perceived they were three Ladies (accompanied with one Page) namely Myrania, Doralicia, and their Nurse called Madame Vecchia, which sudden sight so appalled my senses, as if I had beene appointed a new Judge to the three goddesses in the valley of Ida: yet seeing befoze my eyes the mistresse of my thoughts, and the Saint unto whom I did owe my deuotion, I began to take courage, thinking that by this fit opportunity, Love and Fortune would fauour my enterpryse, willing therefore not to let slip so good an occasion, I boldly paced to them, whom I saluted in this sort.

Faire Ladies, the sight of your surpassing beauties so dazled mine eyes, as at the first I was in doubt, whether I should honour you as heauenly Nymphes, o^r salute you as earthly creatures: but as I was in this dumpe, I readily called to minde the figure of your diuine faces, which being at my coming to your fathers Court, by some secret influence most surely imprinted in my fancy, I haue hitherto, without any sparke of forgetfulness perfectly retained (feeling euer since in my hart such strange passions) an vnaccustomed deuotion to your beautie and vertues, as I would thinke the Gods and Fortune did fauour mee, if either I might finde occasion to manifest my affection, o^r liue to doe you seruice.

Doralicia hearing mee thus strangely to salute her, although she saw her selfe in the hands of her fathers foe: yet nothing dismayed, with a coy countenance, she gaue me this crabbiish answer.

Sir (quoth she) if at the first looke ye took vs for Nymphes, by the perfection of our diuine beautie, it seemeth vnto vs that either your women in Denmark are very soule, o^r your sight soze blemisht since your coming into France: so^r we know our imperfections far vnworthy of such dissembled praise. But Diomedes smiled most when he pretended greatest mischiese: Scyron entertained his guests best, when he meant to intreat them worst: Lycaon feasted Iupiter when he sought to betray him: the Hiena euer fauneth at her prey: the Syrens sing when they meane to enchaunt: Circes is most pleasant

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

desired of Arbasto, least in seeking to gaine her loue, he get that which he least looked for.

Why Egerio, what ill lucke can ensue of loue, when I meane not to venture but vpon trust, noz to trust without tryall?

Such as happened to Achilles by Pelexena, and yet he seared Priamus. But alas sir, I fgb to thinke, and I sorrow to see that reason should yeeld to affection, liberty to loue, freedome to fancy, that Venus should beare the target, and Mars the distaffe: that Omphale should handle the club, and Hercules the spindle: that Alexander should crouch, and Campaspe be coy: that a warlike minde should yeeld to a little wauering beauty, and that a Prince whose prowesse could not be subdued, should by loue become subiect at the first shot.

What Egerio (quoth I) knowest thou not that he whom no moztall creature can contrroll, loue can command, that no dignitie is able to resist Cupids deitie? Achilles was inuulnerable, yet wounded by fancie: Hercules not to be conquered of any, yet quickly benquished by affection: Mars able to resist Iupiter, but not to withstand beauty. Loue is not onely kindled in the eye by desire, but ingrauen in the minde by destiny, which neither reason can eschew, noz wisdomer repell.

The moze pittie (quoth hee) for pooze men, and greater impietie in the Gods, that in giuing loue free libertie, they granted him a lawlesse priuiledge. But sith Cupid will be obeyed, Arbasto is willing to be obedient, would God loue had either aymed amisse, or else had not made Doralicia the marte.

I not willing that Egerio should bee priuy to my passions, told him that what I spoke was in iest, and that if euer I did fancy, I would vse loue as the Persians did the Sunne, who in the morning honozit as a God, and at noon-tide curse it as a diuell. Concealing thus my care, the couered sparkes burst into great flames, that coming to my Tent, I was forced to cast my selfe vpon my bed, where I sobbed forth sorrowfully these words.

Alas Arbasto, how art thou perplexed, thou both liuest in ill hap, and louest without hope: thou burnest with desire, and art cooled with disdaine: thou art bidden to the feast by loue, and art beaten with the spit by beauty. But what then, doest thou count it care which thou sufferest for Doralicia, who shameth Venus for her hue, and staineth Diana for her chastitie? Psea but Arbasto, the moze beautie she hath, the moze pride, & the moze vertue, the moze precisenesse. None must play on Mercuries pipe, but Orpheus: none rule Lucifer, but Phce-

The History of *Arbasto*,

bus: none weare Venus in a tab'let but Alexander, no; none in Iop Dor-
ralicia, but such an one as farre exceedeth thee in person and paren-
tage: thou see'st she hath denied thy sute, disoained thy seruice, light-
ly respected thy loue, and smally regarded thy liking, onely promising
this, while she lues to be thy p'fessed foe. And what then fond sole,
wi't thou thinke for an Aprill showre? knowest thou not that a de-
niall is a grant, and a gentle answere a flattering flout: that the more
they seeme at the first to loath, the more they loue at the last. Is not
Venus painted catching the ball with her hands, which she seemeth
to spurne with her feet? Eoth not the Mirre tree being belwen, yeld
no sap, which not moued potwzeth forth strup: and women being wo-
ed, deny that, which of themselues they most earnestly desire.

The stone Sandrasta is not so hard, but being heat in the fire, it
may be wrought: no Iuoy so tough, but seasoned with Sutho, it may
be ingrauen, no hatcke so haggard, which in time may not be called to
the lure: no; no women so wilfull, which by some meanes may not be
wonne. Hope the best then and be bold, for Loue and Fortune careth
not for cowards.

May Iulh Arbasto, what needest thou pine thus in haplesse passions,
or seeke for that with sorrow, which thou mayest obtaine with a small
sute, raise vp thy siege, graunt but conditions of peace, shew but a
friendly countenance to Pelorus, and hee neither will no; dare deny
thee his daughter Dorralicia. Doe this then Arbasto, nay I will do it,
and that with speed, for now I agree to Tully that it is good: *Iniquis-
simam pacem iustissimo bello antepone.*

Well, being resolved upon this point, I felt my minde disburthe-
ned of a thousand cares, wherewith before I was clogged, feeding my
selfe with the hope of that pleasure, which when I inioyed should re-
compence my former paine.

But alas, poore Myrania could not feel: one minute of such ease,
for she vncessantly turned the stone with Syphis, rolled on the wheele
with Ixion, and filled the bottomlesse tubs with Belydes, in so much
that when she could finde no meanes to mitigate her malady, she fel
into these bitter complaints.

Oh Myrania, oh wretched wench Myrania, how art thou without
reason, which sufferest reason to yeld vnto appetite, wisdom vnto
sensuall will, and a free mind vnto seruite loue: but I perceine when
the Iuie riseth, it weareth about the Globe: when the Day grow-
eth high, it hat' need of a pole, and when virgins war in peeres, they
follow that which belongeth to their youth. Love, loue, yea but they

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

should land me in this coast. In truth thou maist thinke either my
 message is great, or my modesty little, either that I take small care of
 my selfe, or repose very great trust in thee, who at a time vnfit for
 my calling, haue without any guard come to a stranger, a captiue, yea
 and my fathers fatall foe. I confesse it is a fault if I were not forst:
 but seeing that necessitie hath no law, I thinke I haue the lesse
 broken the law. But to leaue off these needlesse preambles,
 where delay breeds no lesse danger then death: know this Arbasto;
 that since thy first arrivall at my Fathers Court, my eyes haue ben
 so dazzled with the beames of thy beautie, and my minde so snared
 with view of thy vertues, as thou onely art the man, whom in heart
 I loue and like: seeing thee thereto so bound here by aduersé for-
 tune, in most haplesse distresse, willing to manifest the loyaltye of my
 loue in effect, which I haue protested in wordes, I haue rather chosen
 to hazard both my life and honoꝛ, than not to offer thee peace, if thou
 wilt agree vnto the conditions. As my Father hath wrought thy
 woe, I will worke thy weale: as he hath sought thy bale, I will pro-
 cure thy blisse: from penurie I will set thee in prosperitie. I will free
 thee from prison, from danger, yea from death it selfe, I will in per-
 ding to loue, dissent from nature, to leaue my Father, friends, and
 Countrie, and passe with thee into Denmarke. And to cut off speeches,
 which might seeme to fauour either of flattery, or deceit: as thou art
 the first vnto whom I haue bowed my loue, so thou shalt be the last,
 requiringe no meed for my merit, no; no other guerdon for my good
 will, but that thou wilt take mee to thy wife, and in pledge of my
 truth, see here the keyes, and all other things provided for our spee-
 die passage.

Myrania had no sooner offered these wordes, but my mind was so
 ranshed, as I was diuinen into an extasse for ioy, seeing that the ter-
 rour of my death was taken away with the hope of life, that from hea-
 uenness, I should be restored to happinesse, and from most carefull mi-
 serie, to most secure felicitie, I therefore framed her this answer.

Ah Myrania, the purest Amalthe shined brightest when it hath no
 oyle, and truth delighteth when it is apparelled worst. Flatter I
 will not, faithfull I must be: willed from the one by conscience, and
 diuinen to the other by your custesse, which by how much the lesse I
 haue merited it by desert, by so much the more I am bound to requite
 it by dutie. To decipher in coloured discourses, and to paint out with
 enations shadowes, how humbly I accept of your offer, and how great-
 ly I thinke my selfe beholding to the Gods, so blessing me with such

The History of *Arbasso*,

an happy chance, what my loyaltie and truth shall be, were but to proue that which your Ladiship, hoping of my constancie, hath not put in question. The guerdon you crave for your good will is such, that if your curtesie had not forced mee to it by constraint, yet your beauties and vertues are so great, as fancie would haue compelled me by consent. Myrania, what thou canst wish in a true and trustie flower, I promise to performe, swearing vnto thee, that the clouds shall blow against the streames, the earth shall mount against his course, yea my carcasse shall be consumed vnto dust and ashes, be soe my minde shall be found disloyall, and to this I call the Gods to witnesse, of whom I desire no longer to liue, than I meane simply to loue.

Oh Arbasso (quoth she) would God I had neuer seene thee, or that I may finde thy workes according to thy wordes, otherwise shall I haue cause to wish I had bene more cruell, or lesse courteous. But loue will not let me doubt the worst, but bids mee hope the best: yet thus much I may say, when Iason was in danger, who more faithfull: when Theseus feared the Labyrinth, who more loyall: when Demophon suffered shipwacke, who more louing: but I will not say what I thinke Arbasso, because thou shalt not suspect I feare.

Madame (quoth Egerio) Arbasso is my soveraigne, and I both honour and feare him as a subiect. yet if hee should but once in heart thinke to bee disloyall to Myrania, the Gods confound mee with all earthly plagues, if I would not of a trustie friend, become his moztall foe.

It is easie to perswade her Egerio (quoth she) who already is most willing to beleene, let vs leane therefore these needlesse protestations, and goe to the purpose, delay breeds danger, time tarrieth for no man, speed in necessitie is the best spurre, let vs hast therefore till we get south of France, least if we be presented, it breed my mishap, and your fatall misery.

Upon this we stayed not, but shutting the prison close, got conertly out of the Citie, passing through France with many fearefull perils, which to rehearse, were either needlesse, or bootlesse: suffice this, wee at last happily arrived at Denmarke, where how I was welcommed home with triumphes, were too long to relate. But how Pelorus was perplexed, after he knew of our happy departure, though (God wot) most haplesse vnto him, I referre to thy good consideration to coniecture. The old man fretted not so fast in his melancholy, but Doralicia chafed as much in her choller, blaspheming bit-

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

terly both against me and her sister Myrania : but as woordes breake no bones, so we cared the lesse for her scolding, fearing not the noyse of the peece as long as we were without danger of the shot. Well, leauing them to their dumps, to vs again which floated in delight : sickle Fortune hauing now boyled vs up to the top of her inconstant wheele, seeing how carelesse I slumbez in the cradle of securitie, thought to make me a very mirrour of her mutabilitie, for she began a fresh to turne my tippet on this wise.

As daily I flattered Myrania, for fancie her I could not, promising with speed to call a Parliament for the confirmation of the marriage, I still felt the stumps of the old loue I bare Doralicia to sticke in my stomacke, the more closely I couered the sparkes, the more the flame burst forth, I found absence to increase affection, not to decrease fancy: in the day my mind doted of her vertues, in the night I dreamed of her beautie: yea, Cupid began to encounter me with so fresh cannyados, as by distance my distresse was farre more augmented; such sighes, such sobs, such thoughts, such paines and passions perplexed me, as I felt the last assault worse then the former batterie. If I loved Doralicia in France, I now liked her thrice better being in Denmarke. If in presence her person pleased me, now in absence her perfection more contented me. To conclude, I sware to my selfe with a solemne sigh. Doralicia was, is, and shall be the mistresse of my heart in despite of the froward destinies: yet amazed at mine owne folly, I began thus to muse with my selfe.

O foolish Arbasto, nay rather frantike fondling, hast thou lesse reason then vnreasonable creatures: the Tyger slepeth the traine, the Lion escheweth the nets, the Doe auoideth the coyles, because they are taken with these instruments, and art thou so mad, as hauing escaped pikes, wilfully to thrust thy selfe into perill: The child being burnt hateth the fire, but thou being an old scold, wilt with the woyme Naplitia no sooner come out of the coales, but leap into the flame. But alas what then: I see the measure of loue is to haue no meane, and the end to be euermlasting: that to loue is allotted to all, but to be happie in loue, incident to few: why, shall I bee so mad to loue Doralicia, so so fraught with ingratfull perjury, as not to like Myrania: the one hath crossed me with bitter girds, the other courted mee with sweet glaunces. Doralicia hath rewarded me with disdain, Myrania intreated me with desire, the one hath saued my life, the other sought my death. O Arbasto thou seest the best, but I feare like to follow the worst. Alas I cannot but loue Doralicia, what then: what restell

The History of *Arbasto*,

for me to do, but to dye with patience, seeing I cannot live with pleasure : yea *Arbasto*, die, die, rather with a secret scar, than an open scorne, for thou maist well sue, but neuer shalt thou haue good successe. And yet Lions salone when they are clawed : the most cruell Tygers stop when they are tickled : and Women, though neuer so obstinate, yeld when they are courted. There is no Pearle so hard, but vineger breaketh : no Diamond so stony, but blond mollifieth, no heart so stiffe, but loue weakeneth : what though *Doralicia* sought thy death, perhaps now she repents, and will giue thee life : though at the first she cast thee a stone, shee will now throw thee an apple. Why then *Arbasto* assault her once againe with a fresh charge, seeke to get that by Letters, which thou couldest not gaine by talke, for one line is of more force to perswade, then a moneths parle, for in writing, thou maist so set downe thy passions, & her perfections, as shee shall haue cause to thinke well of thee, and better of her selfe, but yet so warily, as it shall be hard for her to iudge whether thy loue be more faithfull, or her beantie amiable.

CHAP. 7.

Arbasto strangely transported with *Doralicias* loue, forgetteth *Myranias* kindnesse, and sendeth couertly to *Doralicia*, who againe denieth him.

Having thus determined with my selfe, though as couertly as I could to conceale my affaires, least either *Myrania* or *Egerio* should spie my halting, I priuily sent an Ambassadour to *Pelorus*, to intreat for a contract betwene vs, and also to craue his daughter *Doralicia* in marriage, promising to send him *Myrania* safe vpon this consent, and withall I framed a Letter to *Doralicia* to this effect.

Arbasto, to the fairest *Doralicia*, health.

Such and so extreame are the passions of loue (*Doralicia*) that the more they are quenched by disdain, the greater flames is increased by desire, and the more they are galled with hate, the more they gape after loue, like to the stone *Tapezon*, which being once kindled, burneth most vehemently in the water. I speake this (the greater is my grieve) by prooffe and experience, for having my heart scorched with the beames of thy beauty, and my minde inflamed with thy singular vertue, neither can thy bitter looks abate my loue, nor

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

wilt cure me with lone, when thou seekest to kill me with hate: haue I redeemed thee from mishap, and wilt thou requite me with misery? was I the meanes to saue thy life, and wilt thou without cause procure my death? haue I forsaken my Country, betrayed my Father, and yet wilt thou kill me with discourtesie? O haplesse Myrania, could not Medeas mishap haue made thee beware: could not Ariadnes ill lucke haue taught thee to take heed: could not Phillis misfortune haue scared thee from the like folly: but thou must like and loue a stragling stranger? Aye me that repentance should euer come too late: folly is sooner remembred then redressed, and time may be repented, but not recalled.

But I see it is a practise in men to eane as little care of their owne oathes, as of their Ladies honours, imitating Iupiter, who neuer kept oath he swore to Iuno, diddest thou not false Arbasto protest with solemne vowes, when thy life did hang in the ballance, that thy loue to Myrania should bee alwayes loyal, and hast thou not since sent and sued secretly, to winne the good will of Doralicia: diddest thou not sweare to take me to thy mate, and hast thou not since sought to contract with her a new match: thou diddest promise to be true vnto me, but hast pꝛoued trusty vnto her: what should I say, thou hast presented her with pleasant drinckes, and pꝛisoned me with bitter potions, the moze is my penurie, and the greater is thy perurie. But vile wretch, dost thou thinke this thy villany shall be vnreruenged. No, no Egerio, I hope the Gods haue appointed thee to reuenge my iniuries, thou hast sworn it, and I feare not but thou wilt performe it. And that thou maist know I reclaime not without cause, see here the Letters which haue passed betwene this false traytor and Doralicia.

The sight of these Letters so galled my guilty conscience, as I stood as one astonishd, not knowing what to doe, excuse my selfe I could not, confesse my lone I durst not, yet at last the water standing in mine eyes, clasping her hand in mine, I was ready to craue pardon, if she had not prevented me with these inuictious speeches.

Close thy selfe trayterous Arbasto thou canst not perswade mee thou shalt not, forgive thee I will not, cease therefore to speake. so in none of these thou shalt speed. Egerio I saued thy life, then reuenge my death, and so content I die, yet onely discontent in this, that I cannot liue to hate Arbasto so long as I loved him.

And with that turning vpon her left side, with a gasping sigh she gaue vp the ghost: which sight dyane me into such a desperate minde, that if Egerio and the rest had not holden mee, I had sent my soule with

The History of *Arbasso*,

CHAP. 8.

After *Myranias* death, *Doralicia* relenteth, and sendeth to *Arbasso*, who then hated her as much as he loued her before.

After *Myranias* death, being carried by force to my bed, I lay for certaine dayes oppressed with such sorrow, as if I had bene in a trance, cursing and accusing my selfe of ingratitude, of perurie, and of most despightfull disloyalty, I lay perplexed with incessant passions.

Well, this heauy and haplesse netwes being noysed in France, *Pellorus* taking the death of his daughter to heart, in short time died, leaving *Doralicia* the onely inheritor of his kingdome.

But yet for how fortune framed by this tragedie, who meant to cast *Doralicia* from most happy felicitie, to most haplesse miserie: for shee seeing that no sinister chance could change my affection, that neither the length of time, nor the distance of place, the spight of fortune, the feare of death, nor her most cruell discourtesie, could diminish my loue: minding I say, on this my inuisible constancie, Cupid meaning to reuenge, seeing her now at discouert, drew home to the head, and strooke her so deepe at the heart, as in despight of *Vesta* shee bailed bonnet, and giuing ground, sobbed forth secretly to her selfe these wordes: Alas I lone *Arbasso*, and none but *Arbasso*.

Venus seeing that her boy had so well plaid the man, began to triumph over *Doralicia*, who now was in her dumps, striving as yet betwene loue and hate, till fancy set in her seat, and then shee yielded by the bulwarke in these peaceable termes.

Tell me how now *Doralicia* (quoth she) dost thou dreame of date? Is it folly or feare? melancholy or madnesse, that doth thus thus into dumps, and so strangely distresseth thee with dole? what fond thoughts, what vnnacquainted passions: what stumbling imaginations are these which perplexeth thee: dost thou now feele fire to spring out of the cold flint? heat is fry amidst the chilling frost? lone to come from hate, and desire from disdaine? Dost thou saie as though thou hadst bene dynted in the *River Tellus* in *Phrigia*? which at the first breedeth sorrow through extreame cold, but forthwith burneth the sinewes through raging heat? Hath *Venus* now in despight of *Vesta* made thee bailed bonnet? the moze (poore wench) is thy misshap, and the moze is thy fortune: for loue (though neuer so sweete) cannot yet be digested without a most sharpe sauce: faring

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

like the gold that is neuer perfect till it hath past through the furnace;

Loue Doralicia, but whom doest thou loue, Arbaslo: what the man whom euen now thou diddest so deadly hate? hast thou so little force ouer thy affections, as to fancy thy foe? No, no, fond sole, Arbaslo is thy friend, and one that honoꝛeth thee as a Saint, and would serue thee as his soueraigne, that loueth and liketh thee as much as thou canst desire, but moze than thou doest deserue, who being bitterly crossed with discurtesse, could neuer be touched of inconstancy: but still remaineth like to Aristotles Quadratus, which howsoeuer it is turned alwayes standeth stedfast. Thou canst not then of conscience Doralicia, but repay his loue with liking, and his firme fancy with mutuall affection: he is beautifull to please the eye, vertuous to content the mind: rich to maintaine thy honour, of birth to counteruail thy parentage, wise, courteous, and constant, and what wouldest thou haue moze?

Yea but alas I haue relected his seruice, and now hee will not respect my fate: I haue detested him, and now he will despise mee: I haue requited his good will with crueltie, and he will reuenge me with contempt.

Better hadst thou then conceale it with griefe, than reueale it to thine olone shame: so; if thou ayme at the white and misse the mark, thou shalt bee pointed at of those that hate thee, pittied of those that loue thee, scorned at by him, and talked of by all: suffer rather then (pooze Doralicia) death by silence, than diuision by reuealing thy secrets, for death cutteth off all care, but diuision breedeth endlesse calamity.

Wish doest thou thinke Arbaslo can so harden his heart, as to hate thee, so maister his affections as to flee from fancy, that he wil become so pꝛoud as to refuse thy pꝛoffer? No, if thou sendest him but one line, it will moze charm him, then all Circes inchantment: if thou leauest but one friendly looke, it will be moze esteemed than life. Why, but Doralicia? and with that she fate still as one in a trance, building castles in the ayre, hanging betwene feare and hope, trust and dispaire, doubt and assurance: to rid her selfe therfore from these dumps, she took her Lute, whereupon she plaied this dittie:

IN time we see that siluer drops
The craggle stones make soft:
The slowest Snail in time, we see,
Doth creepe and climbe aloft.

The History of *Arbasso*,

With feeble puffes the tallest pine
In tract of time doth fall:
The hardest heart in time doth yeeld
To *Venus* luring call.

Where chilling frost alate did nip,
There flasheth now a fire:
Where deepe disdain bred noysome hate,
There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to haue his hap,
What care in time not easd?
In time I loath'd that now I loue,
In both content and pleasd.

Doralicia hauing ended her little, laid downe her *Life*, and be-
rooke her to her former passions, wherein she had not long plodded,
but she determined to write vnto me with as much speed as might be,
framing her Letters to this effect.

Doralicia to *Arbasso*, health.

WEighing with my selfe (*Arbasso*) that to be vniust, is to of-
fer iniury to the Gods, and that without cause to be cruell,
is against all conscience: I haue thought good to make amends for
that which is amisse, & of a sained foe, to become thy faithfull friend:
so since the receipt of thy Letters, calling to minde the perfection of
thy body, and perfectnes of thy minde, thy beautie and vertue, thy
curtesie and constancy, I haue bene so snared with fancy, and sette-
red with affection, as the Idea of thy person hath pinched mee with
most haplesse passions.

If I haue bene recklesse of thy good will, I repent me, if ruth-
lesse through cruell speeches, I recant them, as one louing now, that
e late I loathed, and desiring that which euen now I despised, which
is often as I call to mind, I can not but blash to my selfe for shame,
and fall out with my selfe for anger.

But the purest Diamond is to bee cut befoze it bee woyme, the
Frankinsence is to be burnt befoze it be smelt, and Lovers are to be
tyed befoze they bee trusted, least, shining like the Carbuncle, as

With the Anatomy of Fortune.

though they had fire, yet being toucht, they proue passing cold, for the minde by tryall once scowred of mistrust, becommeth moze fit euer after to belife: so that Arbassto, as I haue pined thee with bitter pills, I will now pamper thee with swete potions: as I haue galled thee with crueltie, I will heale thee with curtesie: yea, if thy good nature can forget that which my ill tongue doth repent, or thy most constant kindnesse forgive that my vnbridled fury did commit, I will countervaille my former discourtesie with ensuing constancy, I will be as ready after to take an iniury, as I was to giue an offence, thou shalt finde my loue and duty such and so great, as either Doralicia can perfoyme, or Arbassto desire. And thus committing my life and my living into your hands. Attend thine answer, and rest moze thine than her owne.

Doralicia.

The Messenger by whom she sent this message, making speed to perfoyme his Mistressse command, arrived within few dayes at Denmarke, where deliuering me the Letter, I was greatly amazed at the sight thereof, musing what the contents should be, at last vnripping the scales, I perceiued to what Saint Doralicia bent her deuotion, but the showre came too late when the grasse was withered: yet I stood for a time astonished, houerling betwene loue and hate. But at the last such loathsome milking of her former discourtesie so incensed my mind, that to displease her, and to despight Fortune, I returned her speedily this hatefull answer.

To Doralicia, neither health nor good hap.

I Receiued thy Letter Doralicia, which no sooner I read with mine eye, but I threwe into the fire with my hand, least by viewing them I should grow into great fury, or by keeping them shew thee any friendship. For we shunne the place of pestilence for feare of infection, the lookes of the Catharismes because of diseases: the eyes of the Cockatrice for feare of death: Cyrres drinckes are dreadfull charmes, and Syrens tunes doubting inchantments: should I not then eschew thy alluring baits, when thou hast galled mee with the hooke: yea I will, and must, least I bee intrapped with thy subtiltie, or intangled with thy sozterie. Cruely Doralicia that once I loued thee I cannot deny, that now bring free I should fall to such folly, I moze than before refuse, for as before I liked thee for constant hope, so now I loath

The History of *Arbasto*,

thee with hatefull contempt, comparing thy cursed nature to the horb
Basill, which both ingendereth Serpents, and killeth them : so the
 shew of thy vertue inflamed me with loue, but the tryall of thy vanti-
 tic hath quenched it with hate. Hate, yea, I moze then hate thee,
 most cruell and ingratefull monster, whose beautie I hope was given
 thee of the Gods, as well to procure thine owne misery, as others
 mishap, which if I might liue to see, as Infortunio did by *Eriphila*, I
 would thinke I did lead my haplesse life to a most happy end. Thus
 thou seest how I account of thy loue and accept of thy Letters, esteem-
 ing the one filthy chaffer, and the other as forged charmes, and say-
 ing to thē both, that proffered seruice stinks. What moze winde I wil
 not, to spend moze time is most ill spent, therefore take this as a fare-
 well, that if I heare of thy good hap, I liue displeased, if of thy mis-
 fortune, content, if of thy death, most sorrowfull, that the Gods did
 not giue thee many dayes, and much distresse : so wishing thee what
 spight either Fortune or the Fates can afford. Adieu.

Sworne thy foe till death,
Arbasto.

P. 9.

Doralicia hauing receiued *Arbastors* vnkind answere, dieth of a
 Frenzie : and *Arbasto* is banished his Kingdome.

DOralicia hauing receiued these Letters, and read the contents,
 was so impatient in her passions, that she fell into a Frenzie, ha-
 uing nothing in her mouth but *Arbasto*, *Arbasto*, euer doubling this
 word with such pittifull cryes and scatches, as would haue moued any
 but me to remorse: she continued not in this case long-befoze she died.
 But I alas leading a loathsome life, was moze cruelly crossed by for-
 tune, for *Egerio* conspiring with the Peeres of my Realme, in short
 time by ciuill warres dispossessed me of my Crowne and Kingdome.
 Forced then to fflye from mine owne Subjects : after some travell I
 arrived at this place, where considering with my self the fickle incom-
 stancy of vniuersall Fortune, I haue ever since liued content in this Cell
 to despight Fortune, one while sorrowing for the mishap of *Myrania*,
 and another while toyng at the miserie of *Doralicia* : but alwayes
 smiling that by contemning fortune, I learne to lead her in triumph.

Thus thou hast heard why in mine estate I passe my dayes
 content : rest therefore satisfied, that thus I haue